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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Run, Sheep, Run!

"PIETY. What moved you at first to betake yourself to a Pilgrim's life?

"Christian. I was driven out of my Native Countrey, by a dreadful sound that was in my ears, to wit, That unavoidable destruction did attend me, if I abode in that place where I was."

John Bunyan, albeit unwittingly has stated the plight of the twentieth century. We are all pilgrims, driven by subway, by motor, by elevator, by train, by steamship, by dreadful sounds and persistent sights, hither and thither, willingly or unwillingly, on a planet whose electronic fever is not more vibrant than the minds of men that time has spawned on its periphery.

The state of man before rapid transit and quick communication may not have been happy but at least it was static. His mind, through some millenniums, had been accustomed to a slow succession of impressions, a few changes of scene daily, a few human contacts oft repeated. Travellers were rare, and they travelled more slowly than we live, and with fewer abrupt transitions. The brain, as time had made it, was a sensitive instrument, with a needle of attention that swung violently at the peril of its owner. We are straining it until the delicate engine labors and knocks and loses all flexibility, until it races whenever the clutch of circumstance is lifted. There is a nervous vibration under constant stimulus that is bad for the machine.

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The human race is growing sick of itself. That this sickness is feverish, that we demand more changes, more faces, more whirling contacts in city crowds, is only a symptom of the disease. It is good to leave Main Street now and then to sharpen home-keeping wits, and it is true that frequent association breeds intelligence, yet the whirl of consecutive and diverse impressions in which modern man is daily spun is more than can be endured without morbid reaction. We have multiplied mental contacts until they have become uncountable. The newspaper is a series of pulls and strains and shocks upon the intelligence. The body sits, but the mind shoots across space and feels the impact of a hundred blows upon attention. The telephone, psychologically considered, is a device for living always in a crowd. Our progenitors called the rhythm of motion on a horse or coach or ship exciting, and it *is exciting*. But we move all day in ever increasing ratios, and speed by night. A romance recalled to old-time readers the vividness of possible life, but our crowds rush to the movies to see the vividness of life itself, present and to be shared. Books once were leisurely, with context and a padding of comfortable words. We cannot read the old, slow-paced books. Children must have Scott, Cooper, Dickens condensed for them or excerpted. The typical modern story, Miss Gale's "A Preface to a Life" for example, is stripped bare to pungent dialogue in which the quick-minded get change and stress without waste. Even the current serial, which may be as thin as matting and quite as lifeless, is conducted with snap and quick alternation of scene and speech. We are like guinea pigs in a laboratory with a hundred tests on our brains going on all at once.

Perhaps this is the way of evolution: if so a case-hardened animal will emerge with a mind that reduces shocks automatically as a valve reduces water pressure. It will not be a delicate animal, the delicate ones will all be dead; nor an animal capable of much subjectivity. Jars and rivetings will be its lullaby, an airplane its home, and its conception of privacy will be the rotogravure supplement of the Sunday paper.

This is sheer speculation. No one can forecast mental evolution except in terms of the past, and these do not help us with the new factors in which we are involved. But the effect of what a psychologist might call, in his dialect, contactual saturation is not speculative. It is visible everywhere. We crave it like a drug, and are drugged by it. Women read the tabloid newspapers with the dogged intensity of an opium eater, and can be satisfied only by more. The movie audiences are neurotic pilgrims driven from their homes to escape the

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Refraction

By LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

WITHIN the mirror of an oval dream
Figures were pictured whitely in a stream.
Water in dream and in the stream reflection;
How much of it was real, how much deflection?
Was beauty blurred, or cameo'd the clearer,
For being seen within the double mirror?
The quivering water-figures where they sank
Were lovelier than those upon the bank.
Image in image toward infinity—
Then in some ultimate mirror would we see
Beauty herself? Or what we wish she were?
Be it herself or only what she seem,
Lovely distortion, still I would prefer
The medium of water and of dream,
Depth within depth to bevel and to bend—
Since I am also one who must depend
On sleep's immersion for my deepest sight
And like a stick in water lean on light.

This Week

"Man Is War." Reviewed by *Elmer Davis.*

Three Books on Economics. Reviewed by *Rexford G. Tugwell.*

"Samuel Taylor Coleridge." Reviewed by *Earl Daniels.*

"Darwin the Man." Reviewed by *John Bakeless.*

"The Orphan Angel." Reviewed by *Henry Seidel Canby.*

"Early Autumn." Reviewed by *Lloyd Morris.*

"Mrs. Socrates." Reviewed by *Emily James Putnam.*

"Tides." Reviewed by *Allan Nevins.*

With Apples Feed Us. By *Christine Turner Curtis.*

Next Week, or Later

Murder in Fiction. By *Mrs. Belloc Lowndes.*

Mr. Wells's Emporium

By MARY M. COLUM

AS a reviewer I am a convinced believer in the importance of not reviewing a book for some weeks after its publication. It is much fairer to the book on which the author has spent life and time and passion for it removes all possibility of his work being considered merely as news, with the superficial and momentary value that this gives it; at the same time, if it still remains news it is all to the book's advantage. Secondly, it is fairer to the reviewer for it removes him from the class of purveyors of news, and without this superficial prestige he has to stand or fall by his own powers of evaluating a writer's work and by his powers as an entertainer, which a critic like every other writer ought to be. He has the advantage, besides, over the hurried reviewer that he has digested the book, that he has, to some extent, seen its effect on the public and gauged what sort of public it has touched —that is, if it happens not to belong to that class which a critic can at once estimate as literature, and which has always its own sure public.

Some books a few weeks after they are published decide their own fate—they can never be news again, and if they are no longer news, as a rule it can be decided that they are dead for ever. Some books of our time stand a golden chance of being news for centuries. To my mind, not one of Mr. Wells's books stand this chance, but some of them stand a chance of being news for some time to come while many of them can never be news again. Mr. Wells has always been strong for what be called the weighty content of a novel; he has announced time and again that it should be full of discussions and ideas and opinions, as all except his early books are. But let us imagine ourselves weighing a tome of Mr. Wells's like "The New Machiavelli," with its sociology and discussions as mere news against the news value of a few whimsical lines like Catullus's poem to his lady's sparrow, and it seems to me we are obliged to award the palm to the Roman poet of nineteen hundred years ago and his light whimsicality as against Wells and his up-to-date sociology.

* * *

"The World of William Clissold," let me state at once, is likely to remain news for some time, though it contains nothing that is really new, though its value as literature is almost nil, but it is remarkable because it is an emporium of most of the things that Wells has been teaching and preaching and writing of since he began. The book, in other words, is important because it is a Wells book, and Wells is important because of his enormous influence, not on the best minds, but on a large number of the intelligent minds of his own time. His influence was, perhaps, largely due to the time of his arrival on the literary scene; he came after the Victorian period, and announced with enormous assertiveness that life was a grand adventure, that people need no longer believe in Hell or Matrimony or God or the Aristocracy or the Royal Family, and that Socialism was the open and inevitable gate to a better world. The great Victorians by their exhausting greatness and their exhausting discoveries, the lesser Victorians, by their primness and and repressions, and their Puritan-

The World of William Clissold. By H. G. Wells. New York: George H. Doran. 1926. 2 vols. $5 net.

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ism, had taken the gusto out of life. Then Wells came along with a gusto that has remained with him still and told everybody that life was not meant to be lived as a painful duty but as a gorgeous adventure. He gave the younger generation of twenty years ago the exact tidings they wanted to hear; he also gave them opinions which they need not have the trouble of translating into convictions by passing them through the fires of any searing emotions or meditations. Whether it was that I was born a little too late in the last century to be a Wells enthusiast, or that I grew up in the hard intellectual conflict of the Irish revival, whose leaders taught that life was mostly not so grand for the sensitive and high of heart, but could indeed be a most lonely adventure which in those who thought out new ideas needed a steely courage instead of a heady optimism for its living—whichever of these two influences counted most with me, I have to admit that I can read Wells's later novels with only a moderate amount of patience. His own acceptance of what a novel ought to be composed of is, in a manner, responsible for this.

His preface to "The World of William Clissold" is both an account of his theories of novel-writing and a protest against its being reviewed by the class of book-reviewer to which I belong. He declares that this preface is a "protest against certain stock tricks of the book-reviewer and certain prevalent vulgarities about books—they concern the treatment of opinion in works of fiction and what is called 'putting people into novels.'" More than three-quarters of "The World of William Clissold" is taken up with discussions of opinion; it contains, as he says, "religious, historical, economic, and sociological discussions." Does that make it anything but a novel? he asks. Perhaps not. But we can assure Mr. Wells that we could make him a present of all the opinions in the entire world for his emporium, and it would hardly make a pin's difference to literature, for nearly the whole of life would be left for other writers to deal with. Mr. Wells has, in fact, never yet shown how literature can be made out of opinions. The theme of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" might be called sociological by gentlemen who go in for cataloguing ideas, but it is the human experience, the human tragedy, and the human passion, bare of all opinions, bare of all discussion, which makes "Tess" a great novel. "Is it not as much life to meet and deal with a new idea as with a new lover," he asks.

* * *

It is not. First of all, because an idea by itself is not life of the kind that can be put into a novel, whereas a lover most intensely is, and secondly, because it requires far more creative power to deal with a new lover in a work of fiction than with a new idea. He shows the direst dislike to such as might be reckoned on to call this book an autobiography and he points out certain superficial differences between his own life and that of William Clissold. According to his emphatic statement this book is not an autobiography. It is my belief that the reader and not the author is the best judge of this. Among the real people whom Mr. Wells introduces is Dr. Jung, the psychoanalyst. Now, if Mr. Wells, instead of making Dr. Jung an automatic figure could have really got into his consciousness the philosophy the great Doctor stands for, he would know that an author might not be able to tell whether his own book was an autobiography or not, and that a reader with a certain knowledge of psychoanalysis could prove that it was. "The World of William Clissold" is not the whole and complete autobiography of Mr. Wells, but it is perhaps a larger part of it than if it were written in the first person over his own name, because far less self-conscious than such a work would naturally be.

William Clissold, like the usual Wells hero, marries young; he divorces his wife and during the rest of his career indulges in varied sex-adventures for which love, as a rule, appears to be left out; in fact, with extraordinary crudity, he gives us his notion of love as "something that may come into a sexual relationship." We have seen this hero under various names such as Mr. Remington or Mr. Britling get a little older and older, but always with the illusion, no matter what his age, that he can be an object of passionate love to a young woman, until we now arrive at William Clissold, who, at the age of sixty, really believes that a woman of thirty is gloriously enamoured of his *beaux yeux*. Perhaps one of the reasons why Mr. Wells prefers dealing with ideas to dealing with lovers is that he cannot deal with lovers—his lovers have gradually become the biggest bores and the most fatuous old fools in contemporary literature. Like certain other Wells heroes he starts as something in science; he gives up the pursuit of pure science and becomes an industrialist, a holder of patents and an exploiter of secret processes, but, as we are assured, he has always been a taker of moderate profits. Like Mr. Wells, Mr. Clissold makes the fatal mistake of trying to think in terms of a world. When Mr. Wells left the territory of Kipps and Mr. Polly, and Dr. Moreau, and took the world as the place for the gyrations of his mind, his mind was unequal to the effort. As the historian of Mr. Polly and Kipps and Dr. Moreau, he had an unique gift; as the historian of the world and the world of William Clissold he becomes merely a generous-minded, highly intelligent Main streeter whose intelligence never reaches the point where it becomes intellect, but always remains on a plane where ideas can easily be reduced to platitudes.

* * *

In "The World of William Clissold" he struggles to explain the ideas that moved our elders and contemporaries, and the ideas that he thinks will move our descendants. It is a sort of outline of opinion. We are brought through the golden age of Socialism in England, when Karl Marx shocked so many remarkable minds into motion, and made, as Bernard Shaw has told us, a man of him. Mr. Clissold is somewhat vindictive about Socialism, about Karl Marx, and about the Fabian Society which Wells once adorned. In his sixtieth year Mr. Clissold finds his Socialism little more than "an old label on a valise." Socialism, he tells us, is gone out of his world, having borne a narrow-souled, defective, and malignant child, Communism. What is called the Russian experiment fills him with resentment; he gives the impression of a man who simply so much dislikes the ideas the Russians have that he will not bother trying to understand what lies at the root of the order that they are imposing on their world, be it for good or evil. He calls Karl Marx "the maggot of his decayed Socialism," and says he poisoned and embittered the whole Socialist idea by arousing class-hatred. Without any interest in either Socialism or Communism, I am yet shocked into resentment by the unfairness of his treatment of Karl Marx and the present Russian system. It is unexpected in a gentleman who stands for a more generous ordering of the world.

All this is of course of interest to the historian of the future, as well as the skill with which he describes the dawn of advertisement in England, when the psychology of making people buy things by persuading them they wanted them whether they did or not first came into use. There are also the usual Wellsian discussions about Paleolithic man and the Ancient World and an elaborate discourse on Finance from which we gather that nobody understands anything about money, least of all, financiers and bankers, and that it has a helpless, uncontrolled manner of tearing through the world, making everybody its slave. If this be the case, wouldn't it be a simple way out of the muddle to give all the money in the world to Mr. J. P. Morgan, and Mr. Otto Kahn, and a selection of the several Baron Rothschilds, and let the rest of us get on as well as we can without it? It seems to me that this as a financial idea is as profound and revolutionary as Mr. Wells's.

Some of the most vigorous writing in the book is on the subject of birth-control and the sexual integrity of women. He attacks the romantic tradition of womanhood, which made of any spiritless creature a good woman if she conformed to the herd-code of chastity—a code which, as Shaw showed long ago, might mean in practise a life of abandoned lust, provided she was married to the man she lived with, whereas a woman of the highest sexual integrity and asceticism might be made an outcast for living without a legal tie with the man she loved. As to birth-control, he gives the threadbare arguments against filling the world with the unfit and against exhausting women with child-bearing, and has the usual complacent assumption that all who are against artificial birth-control are against the higher progress of the world. Might the progress of the world not be more fitly advanced by a crusade in favor of self-control instead of unrestricted birth-control and the unrestricted self-indulgence that comes in its train? And might not the super-race that Mr. Wells tells us of and that Higher Man of his be more likely to come from a civilization in which self-control rather than artificial birth-control held sway?

Mr. Clissold attacks universities as places which put the repressive training of the young above freedom of thought, and he announces that "we must be prepared to cut out this three or four year holiday at Oxford or Cambridge and their American compeers from the lives of young men we hope to see playing leading parts in the affairs of the world." "The only good thing I've heard in favor of a university gown is that it is better than a tailed coat for cleaning chalk off a blackboard." Now this may be Mr. Wells's idea of humor, but as an argument against universities it looks suspiciously like what in the teaching of Karl Marx he called bitter class animosity. It looks, in fact, merely like the animosity of the non-university man against the university man.

None of his discussions seem to me to bring any clarity of thought, or even largeness of vision to vital questions. When he has finished his discussions of biological, financial, economic, and all the other questions that he prides himself on dealing with in this book, we evermore come out by the same door as in we went. His book is a huge emporium, like a Main Street department store, where you can buy almost anything; the populace can clothe itself there, but the fastidious will clothe themselves somewhere else. Similarly, for original or unique thinking or a large creativeness, you will have to go to somebody else than Mr. Wells. There is, to be sure, hardly any current question he leaves untouched in this book. Assertively and pedagogically he tells us things about the future, about man, about life, about the past, not with a delicate clarity of someone revealing a mystery which he has spent himself on discovering, but with the loud emphasis of somebody who has not had the pain of discovering anything, but only the need to excitedly shout other peoples' discoveries from the market place in words unsubtle enough to get over to the multitude, in a literary style that is frequently appalling, and too often with a resentful determination to get even with opponents.

What of the Future?

By Elmer Davis

"MAN IS WAR," says John Carter,* one of our younger writers who refuses to believe that spears will ever be beaten into pruning hooks. He concedes most of the objections against war only to discard them as irrelevant to the question of its persistence. War is "expensive, absorbing, and inefficient," but it is also "the natural state of carnivorous man, actuated by the necessity of obtaining food for himself and his family, by his woman's desire for luxury, by his instinct to provide for his young, and by the imperious demands of his blood." Further, though war is "absolutely reckless of its effects on society," it is also "entirely satisfactory to the emotions of humanity." The causes of war "cannot be eliminated through institutions, but through reform of the individual human being;" of which Mr. Carter has no hope, or, more exactly, no fear. "The world will find peace when man is extinct."

Bad news for idealists, you say? Well, it does not seem to be very bad news for Mr. Carter, who is himself an idealist, a neo-romantic aristocratic idealist of a type more common in the Prussian nobility than in the American diplomatic service and American journalism where he has spent his active years. Man, he concedes, is a pretty tough character, red in tooth and claw; and on the whole Mr. Carter is proud of him. War is uncomfortable, but "hitherto no idealist has preferred his life to his ideal, no gentleman has preferred dishonor to death, no nation has preferred slavery to extinction," and "until degeneracy becomes a virtue" they never will.

All of which is true enough, but it does not tell the whole story. Not many wars are fought to escape national extinction; and it must be observed that both idealism and gentility seem to be on the wane. If man is an animal who fights he is also an animal who thinks, though not so often as could be desired, and a good many men are trying to think their way forward to a state of affairs in which the choice between death and dishonor, between slavery and extinction, need not be an inescapable dilemma. But it must be admitted that Mr. Carter's criticism of a remotely possible parliament of man and federation of the world is acute and effective. Grant that after some future war, universal and fearfully destructive, humanity is

*MAN IS WAR. By John Carter. Indianapolis: the Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1926. $3.50.

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driven to the formation of a federal world-state. Such a state, being non-competitive, will find it very hard to arouse any patriotic loyalty in its all-embracing citizen body. Nor will it be able to remove all causes of conflict, conflict of interest and sentiment, between different economic, religious, social, or regional groups. There will still be men, not only individuals, but classes or races, who will fight for their beliefs and their interests, even if they have to fight against a world-police. Grant if you like that with a world government wars would be fewer, there would remain a last ditch beyond which men will not allow themselves to be driven, no matter what the cost.

This is plain truth; even that quantity producer of Utopias, Mr. Wells, has envisaged uprisings against the Boss of the World, and other Utopists cannot get rid of this inescapable biological fact by refusing to see it. It does not follow, however, that things would not be materially better under a world federation; it does not follow that war, even if sometimes the lesser of two evils, is as frequent a necessity as the human race at present seems to regard it. Persons who are not enamored of the concept of a "fresh, joyous war" may feel that it is at least worth while to try to bring it down to an irreducible minimum; and that can be done only by forgetting Absolutes for the moment, and dealing with an unending succession of concrete particulars.

Here Mr. Carter's metaphysics gets in his way. His scrutiny of the contemporary world, often highly illuminating, is vitiated by a romantic attitude toward facts which seems to spring from his romantic-idealistic *Weltanschauung*. One feels that the trouble is not so much that Man is unable to escape the curse of Cain as that the individual John Carter is unable to escape the curse of Hegel. He apprehends a transcendental world of superhuman entities, Forces, which make history. To this reviewer that seems mere superstition, though a superstition supported by the most respectable nineteenth-century historians. Forces may have their being and affect history, but it is a matter of record that chance, accident, and human personality affect history too, and powerfully.

For example. The author finds the "vital cause" of American entry into the late war in "the instinct to keep the world balance of power tipped on the Anglo-Saxon side of the scale." That may have been a powerful element in public sentiment; but it was not public sentiment which got us into the war. It was the individual Woodrow Wilson, who had kept us out before and could in all likelihood have kept us out even in 1917; and the decisive impulses of Woodrow Wilson—the straw that tipped the scales, if you like—seem to have sprung from indignation that the German government had lied to him, a bit of *sancta simplicitas*, from the diplomatic viewpoint, which no European but Bernstorff has ever been shrewd enough to understand.

* * *

The war itself Mr. Carter seems to regard as the result of irresistibly converging forces. This reviewer is unable to swallow the diabolist theories advanced by such thinkers as André Cheradame and Harry Elmer Barnes; but he cannot ignore the fact that these irresistible forces had been converging for decades, and had several times been successfully resisted by individual men. They could have been resisted again in 1914 if the German government had contained a man with half the intelligence, to say nothing of the force, of Bismarck. Forces there were, but it was the criminal levity of individual men in Vienna and the well-meaning incompetence of individual men in Berlin and St. Petersburg and London and Paris that permitted the war. Educate your statesmen, educate your public to trust competent leaders, and there will be fewer wars; which does not invalidate Mr. Carter's general argument that in certain crises men will always fight. Intelligence can prevent a good many issues from ever reaching the fighting point.

The chapters devoted to a survey of the institutions and forces of the contemporary world, and the seeds of future wars contained therein, thus appear less alarming if one holds that human stupidity, which is occasionally curable, is the most powerful of these "Forces" pervading history. Consider the late worsening of relations between America and Japan, which was due directly to the light-hearted pyrotechnics of peanut politicians in the Senate. None the less these chapters are often highly valuable, notably that on the old diplomacy. This is the friendly critique of an alumnus, perhaps, but it gives the diplomats their neglected due. Also of importance is the chapter on the Papacy, whose significance as a world power is almost always underestimated by Americans; perhaps because the grotesque misconceptions of the Klan have produced a backfire, perhaps because Americans of intelligence are more immediately concerned in resisting the at present successful pretensions of American Methodism to temporal power.

There is also a diplomatic glossary, useful to the general reader, whose phraseology, one fears, is designed to give pain.

But most educative of all the aspects of the book is its study of present-day American foreign policy, and of American attitudes toward the rest of the world. "With the most stupendous opportunity in history to develop and maintain imperial power, America has wiped out her armaments, has refused to coöperate with the world as a partner, and has insisted on behavior that is both irritating and provocative." Either course—pacific isolation or aggressive imperialism—is more or less defensible; but our actual present policy or lack of policy combines, like the late Mr. Munsey, the worst features of both. Our isolation is "the isolation of timidity, a nostalgia for the national nursery"—a truth that few Americans are prepared to admit. But with this timid shrinking goes a childish aggressiveness of pinpricks; we recommend free trade to foreigners while clinging to protection ourselves, we so handle the debt question as to allow the astute British to turn all Europe against us and render us dependent for any crisis on British diplomatic support; and then we quarrel with England—the sort of quarrels that in the more sensitive days before the

D. H. LAWRENCE
Caricatured by Witter Bynner

war would have brought Anglo-American relations dangerously near the flash point—over what? Oil and rubber, that the free-born American may have cheap gasoline and tires for his Ford.

One need not share the author's rather Nordic-Wagnerian ethical code to sympathize heartily with his distrust of European, especially British, appeals to American idealism. As notably at the late Washington conference, American idealism usually drags out the hot chestnuts for British realism. Yet the Europeans are men of like passions with ourselves, if a little more honest about their gratification; one can hardly blame them for pecking away at the great American soft spot. For America is immensely powerful and its power is not directed by any intelligent principle, or indeed by any principle at all. This huge mass, usually inert but potentially dangerous, doing more harm by sheer well-meaning awkwardness than other nations do by deliberate intent, must be and must for years remain both an enigma and a menace to Europe; the keynote of European policy toward America today can hardly be any other than the principle which inspired British policy toward America in the Civil War, a striving toward "the diminution of a dangerous power."

It might well seem to a foreigner that the American state of mind is the most dangerous thing in the world today. We are profoundly convinced of our moral superiority, we admit no obstruction to the gratification of our desires, we want what we want when we want it; and above all we seethe with Service. Mr. Carter proclaims himself a trespasser in the land of his birth when he speaks of Service as "a bleak ideal." Consider any luncheon club, hymning Service with such fervor as their ancestors gave to the camp-meeting worship of Jehovah; one might apply a number of adjectives to that spectacle, but "bleak" is not one of them.

Service is the most dangerous ideal in the world. For Service, Europe conquered Africa and spent two centuries trying to conquer the Near East; for the Service of God and man Spain enslaved or extirpated the Indians; for Service our own people took three-quarters of a million square miles away from the Mexicans, removed the Indians to odd corners of undesirable land, took up a strategically indefensible position on the border of Asia, and now enjoy telling other nations how wickedly they are behaving. Yet—the foreigner would say—it is no accident that our only peculiarly American type of restaurant is built on the principle of Service; serve yourself. We yearn to serve ourselves in serving others and think that our good intentions will be appreciated because we are ostentatiously unready to fight.

Truly, the national nursery does not seem very far behind.

The Dismal Science

ELEMENTARY ECONOMICS. By Fred Rogers Fairchild, Edgar Stevenson Furniss, and Norman Sydney Buck. New York: The Macmillan Company. 2 vols. 1926.

ECONOMICS: PRINCIPLES AND PROBLEMS. By Lionel D. Edie. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 1926. $5 net.

PRINCIPLES OF ECONOMICS. By O. Fred Boucke. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925.

Reviewed by Rexford Guy Tugwell
Columbia University

SOMEWHAT ruefully most teachers of economics at some time or other note the joyful discovery by their students that economics was characterized by certain nineteenth century ironists as the "dismal science." The students think they know why, though they are of course mistaken. *They* think it dismal because they so often find it dull, which is a very good reason even if not the original conception. Even teachers who fancy themselves as interesting persons and who do have some success in instilling enthusiasm in students are often commiserated with for not having found more thrilling subject matter.

Teachers themselves have another complaint. A young teacher, and an interesting one in an eastern college, said to me last spring, "They learn it; but they don't remember it. Even my best students can't seem to keep it long enough to build on in succeeding years." He seemed astonished to have me ask what seemed to me the obvious question "Why do you suppose they don't remember it?" If he answered this question honestly and had been willing to take the consequences involved, I think he would never again have had cause to complain. But he made the answer one learns to expect but hopes, always, not to hear. He said "They don't work hard enough. They really never learn it." I concealed a shudder. "What," I asked, "is it that they don't learn?" *He* concealed a shudder then. "Why," he said, staringly, "economics."

The way he teaches is the way almost all—with brilliant exceptions—economics teachers do it. They have a text and they assign their students a chapter to read for each class meeting. When the class meets they discuss the content of the chapter. Ideally one could wish to see all texts consigned to some unescapable limbo and teachers forever forbidden to write more of them. Every educator knows that this is of all ways the worst possible manner of teaching. It may be contended that lecturing is worse, and perhaps an exception would have to be made. Maybe lecturing is worse. But it couldn't be much worse. So, as I say, ideally the texts ought to be destroyed. But practically I know that they will not be and that teaching from texts will go on and on. This is because the heavy-duty teachers are mostly either young or second-rate, wretched admission for one to make who is proud of his profession, but one which is nevertheless sadly true.

And so if we are to have texts they ought to be the best possible. One way to get the best possible one is for each teacher who feels himself stirred in that direction and who can find a publisher, to write one. There is therefore some considerable consolation in their present multiplication. There would be more, however, if there were more differences to be discovered in them. There are in existence and being rather widely used about a dozen which, if not as alike as peas in a pod, are sufficiently nearly

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so to cause genuine wonder as to why the later ones were written. An argument stated in a different way is still the same argument, depends on the same logic, possesses the same values and defects as its original and pattern. It may clear up some fine point of distinction, but why restate the whole body of principle to state a difference, say, in the theory of urban rents?

Into this latter class the book (or books, for there are two volumes) of Messrs. Fairchild, Furniss, and Buck seems to me to fall. Some of the exposition in the opening chapters is persuasive to me who have a connoisseur's interest. Some of the theory of distribution seems weaker than similar arguments in books already current. But it is not really a new exposition: ninety-nine per cent of it is restatement. But I do not think anyone could say the same of the other two texts. And I am glad that they were written for this reason if for no other. Of the two, the Boucke work is the more original, more profound, more suggestive. His chapters on value and certain of those on production are notable contributions: and every economist must read his appendix on "the scope and method of economics." But Edie's book required more hard work to put together, has more of the tough stuff of current life in it, is, in short, more interesting. It is perfectly safe to predict wide use for it—a prediction which I rejoice to make for a reason to be made clear.

The ways are strange sometimes by which we come to the illumination of troubling ideas. Among others I, for a long time, felt the sterility of our inherited economics, felt its inadequacy to explain matters which must be explained, its unreality in contemporary America. And then I happened on what to me was a new theory of aesthetics, the essence of which was that painting, for instance, could not adequately be evaluated by any attempted reference to the social *milieu* out of which it came. The critical work of Elie Faure is, I believe, thrown out by this school on such grounds. The painter, it seems, is to be judged in the tradition of painting, in the exclusive practices which belong purely to the art and its inheritance. I had not gone further than this when I began to see the analogy which had a vital interest for economists. For economics can be thought of as pure and judged in its tradition or it can be thought of as explanatory of current life. There are economists who take what has been done and work inside the accepted scope with the accepted methods. There are others who begin all over fresh, owing nothing to tradition, who generalize only from discoverable data, who have no more respect for economic law than do most motorists for the fifteen-mile speed limit in old New England villages.

I have nothing to say about the various fields of æsthetics, except to confess that such a theory leaves me personally cold. But I do seem to see that in social science it is ruinous. It appears so clear that the only validity of economics is its power to illuminate and to create workable arrangements. It seems so absurd to judge by conformance to a tradition, to approve arrival of the same laws by the use of contradictory facts! And yet there is a pressure of that sort. When the young college teacher said to me who asked what it was his students didn't learn, "Why, economics," he displayed himself as one who conceives of a closed system, of a range of laws to be learned, which *is* economics. But this, I protest, is not true. The economic world shifts under our feet and so do the reactions of men to it. Economics is the taking of this data and arranging it for meaning, for direction. What has it to do with laws of rent, of wages, or of population which were generalizations made when the world was younger and very, very different?

Mr. Edie knows this. He wants to go all the way in the making of his economics text a genuine illumination of contemporary existence. Or, at least, I believe so. But he has wavered and temporized. In his book lip service is done to the traditional body of doctrine, though the problems arising from his data interest him most. And so his book is a straddle. But this may not be a bad thing; for it will prepare the way for others. Even if we have to have our teaching done from texts it begins to be clear that students will not always have to complain of dulness or instructors of an unwillingness to work which is only natural resistance to useless mental activity. The signs are good; Edie's book is one of them.

Coleridge Interpreted

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. By HUGH L'ANSON FAUSSET. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1926. $3.50.

Reviewed by EARL DANIELS
State Normal College, Buffalo

Coleridge's life is among the saddest in literary history. A being splendidly endowed with genius, sensibility and intellect, large in comprehension, elemental in instinct, generous, affectionate, and enthusiastic, broke himself on the rocks of a world which he could not see.

THERE, briefly put, is Mr. Fausset's interpretation of Coleridge, who moves through the book a tragic embodiment of a frustrate life, a dreamer seeking escape from a not-to-be-understood reality. Child of illusion, if one is to believe Mr. Fausset, he successfully indulges in visions of pantisocracy, of domesticity, and of poetry, all equally vain; and when the dream of poetry has become a nightmare, the poet is turned adrift, fluctuating between politics, public lectures, and criticism, to come finally to port at Highgate, anchored in a sea of facile but ineffective theism,—"a voluble Romantic bankrupt seeking forgetfulness of his failure in the kingdom of Earth by instructing the elect in the principles which ensured their entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven."

It is a portrait which has been carefully drawn. Much study has been given to details, and the presentation is relentlessly unpitying; for Mr. Fausset is of that race of curious analysts who are careless of idols, unsympathetic, and cold, ruthlessly insistent, upon dragging forth the smallest detail of a man's most private life so long as what seems to be truth is thereby served. It matters little if taste and decency temporarily withdraw into the obscurities of background.

* * *

But it is a distorted portrait, bearing upon its body marks of a cutting to fit a theory. Mr. Fausset has absorbed the view of the Baron Seillière and obviously regards all Romanticism as disease. Hence, he prefers to emphasize the pathological in Coleridge at the expense of the normal. "No boy, as no man, was less a *terrae filius*; . . . "he was always in flight from a weight of inorganic matter which he could not assimilate into a realm of ideas which lacked a material foundation;" . . . "a desire for escape from an actuality which jarred him;" . . . "vaguely luxuriating in tender feelings." . . . These representative phrases so din the miasmic word *escape* upon the reader's ears as to render it the dominant note throughout the book. No one doubts that such a motive bulked large in the life of Coleridge, but it is unfair to interpret so complex a nature in so simple a fashion; like any man at all deserving of three hundred and fifty pages of biography, he defies classification under a single label. Moreover, the theory leads Mr. Fausset into what seems little less than gross, even if unintentional, misinterpretation. The normal dramatic instinct of boyhood, which sends the child from his story-book to play the giant by lopping off the weeds of the garden, is transformed into "a desperate striving after self-escape." Later, love appears as "a narcotic blessed with dreams." Mr. Fausset is so convinced of this last that he can categorically assert, "He [Coleridge] never felt a woman as a fact until she became an unpleasant one, or ceased to be his to associate with a swooning tenderness," even in the face of his quotation from a letter to Southey, "I loved her [Mary Evans] almost to madness. Her image was never absent from me for three years."

Such refusal to take Coleridge as meaning what he says is responsible for more than one unjust charge of insincerity. Mr. Fausset presents him as posing in his dealings with Southey. He writes of the *Watchman*, "It was rather financial anxiety, aggravated by the prospect of fatherhood, than any moral purpose that dictated the step," thus effectively rendering ineffective the motto of the *Watchman's* title-page, "Truth is power, and the truth shall make us free." Similarly, Coleridge's enthusiasms for the French Revolution are described as "the mere vapors of an indulged sensibility." His remark that the death of Doctor Beddoes, who had undertaken to cure him of his laudanum habit, took a large slice of hope out of his life becomes, by way of the Fausset policy of denigration, "an excuse for drugging his anxieties by renewed indulgence."

This same tenacious clinging to theory results in an excess of space being given to Coleridge the poet, even though, when all evidence is in, his chief claim to literary immortality must rest upon prose rather than verse. Poetry is, of course, an avenue of escape, and farther evidence of the poet's "constitutional aversion to reality." The obvious interpretation of the 1797 volume as immature work of a youthful mind is passed over, and the poems are weighed with a critically serious consideration which lays emphatic stress upon their dreamlike unreality. "Characteristic automatism" is Fausset's description of the Coleridgean composition; and under Fausset's interpretation, so objective a work as "The Ancient Mariner"—ballad-like in matter and structure—becomes essentially subjective, an unconscious revealing of the poet's own situation. Thus, "The Mariner's sin against Nature in shooting the Albatross imaged his [Coleridge's] own morbid divorce from the physical." One would like to ask at least for evidence before accepting so original a thesis, even as one would like more than Mr. Fausset's assertion before believing that Dorothy Wordsworth is the Genevieve of "The Ballad of the Dark Lady," or that Coleridge has portrayed himself in the lectures on Shakespeare, which, again to quote Mr. Fausset, represent "a desire to comfort himself by self-expression." Subjective interpretation of literature can go no farther!

By the time he has finished with the poetry, Mr. Fausset has little space left for the prose of Coleridge. His keen and judicial analysis of the "Biographia Literaria" is one of the best things in the book, though less is to be said for his unsympathetic treatment of Coleridge's ventures into philosophy and theology. But of what avail is it to write of the chapters on Wordsworth as "among the finest pieces of sustained and penetrating criticism which exist," when through two hundred and fifty pages the emphasis on Coleridge's inability to think honestly and soundly has been so strong that the reader can only doubt whether he had ability to think at all!

Mr. Fausset's book is interesting, even brilliant; and his analysis of the relations between Coleridge and Wordsworth, together with his discussion of Dorothy's influence upon his life and work, are a genuine contribution to the study of the poet. But one comes away at the end with a feeling of disappointment. As was wisely said long ago of Pope's so-called translation—"It is a pretty poem, but it is not Homer," so we may say here, "It is a fascinating portrait, but it is not Coleridge." For that portrait we are still waiting.

Run, Sheep, Run

(*Continued from page* 289)

dreadful sound of quiet in their ears. To be vegetative, to reflect, to preserve the soul chaste and unassailed by human clamor and contact, is a calamity to be avoided by flight. Travelling daily, hourly, we move in a constant sense of other presences, other thoughts, until our personalities grow callous to friendship and communion, yet itch for the distraction of more contacts still. Talk becomes a grateful noise for us, no more; in hours of enforced leisure the unfortunates turn on the victrola, hook up the radio, so that some external sensation—song, speech, music, what matter what—will be tickling the jaded mind into a sense of activity. Left to themselves our egoes are as unhappy as sore thumbs that crave constant pinching.

What principle of chemistry or physics will bolster up our poor minds to these new tensions? Man is the most adaptive of the animals. He will probably come through safely. But there will be queer manifestations of neurosis and lesion in the meantime—especially in those two most sensitive of all the functions of humanity, literature and journalism. We shall do more than dance to the world's jazz. . . .

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Darwin the Man

DARWIN. By GAMALIEL BRADFORD. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1926. $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN BAKELESS

AFTER a lifetime mainly spent in writing "psychographs,"—a horrible word, which I fear Mr. Bradford himself invented,—of the great and near great, though not always particularly good, Mr. Gamaliel Bradford has at last got round to Charles Darwin. It is unfortunate that Darwin has hitherto been dealt with in public chiefly by those who understand him least,—namely, those quaint survivals of an earlier day, our friends the Fundamentalists. Biologists have an unlucky disposition to stick to their laboratories, and of most popularizers of science the less said the better.

Whether even Mr. Bradford himself has formed any accurate estimate of Darwin's incalculable influence in biology and beyond, his book scarcely shows. It is an extraordinary fact that he has found it possible to write 285 pages about Charles Darwin with practically no discussion of organic evolution or the theory of natural selection. Not that abundant references to these epoch-making ideas are lacking, to be sure, but simply that Mr. Bradford is loaded for game of quite a different sort. The scientific and religious hullabaloo that the valetudinarian country squire of Down turned loose upon the prim Victorian world does not interest him in these pages, though I fear it must at some time or other have both interested and upset him.

At any rate he devotes a chapter to Darwin "The Destroyer," and ends it with the words; "It was Darwin who at least typified the rigorous logic that wrecked the universe for me and for millions of others,"—which seems to prove either that Mr. Bradford has a queer idea of "rigorous logic," or else that he ought to construct his personal and private *Weltanschauung* of less fragile materials.

* * *

Mr. Bradford's "Darwin" is, as its name implies, a book about a man and not about a theory. Mr. Bradford is here interested not in the row that Darwin started—a row that has gone merrily on in the religious, biological, and philosophic camps ever since—but in finding out what manner of man set it all going. Darwin's children, Darwin's health, Darwin's temper, Darwin's love affairs—so decorous that a modern novelist would die gnashing his teeth at the mere thought of them—Darwin's views on Slavery, Darwin's interest in the sale of his books, and the cost of his proof corrections, Darwin's working habits and his personal religious views,—all this interests Mr. Gamaliel Bradford more than such considerations as the inheritance of acquired characteristics, the causes of variation, or the pangenesis of gemmules. And this is but another way of saying that Mr. Gamaliel Bradford has written an exceedingly interesting and humanly appealing book, which biologists will read—or ought to—because it is the best interpretation thus far written of the character, though not the thought, of the true founder of modern biology; and which book-lovers everywhere will read, or ought to—simply because the new "Darwin" is an excellent piece of writing and a fine example of the "new" biography,—which, as his publisher points out, Mr. Bradford had been unostentatiously practising for a good many years before Mr. Lytton Strachey burst upon us with Queen Victoria in tow.

"Darwin" is neither profound nor exhaustive. It amounts practically to a sympathetic summary of the Letters; and one reader, at least, will always prefer Darwin's own brief Autobiography to all the psychographs in the world. Mr. Bradford omits, probably because it is so familiar, the story about his child's offer of sixpence to Darwin if he would come out and play,—to my mind a singularly revealing incident. He emphasizes Darwin's contemptuous references to Lamarck, without discussing until much later the frequent and respectful use of Lamarck's work in the "Origin of Species;" and he commits the minor but extremely old blunder of spelling Weismann with one *n*.

What he has specifically set out to do, however, Mr. Bradford has very satisfactorily done, and more it is unfair to demand of any author. He has got his man completely down on paper; which is the end and aim of all good biography, especially such as the "psychographer" practices. He may quite properly reply to strictures that he is writing biography, not biology; and that he is quite willing to leave Darwin's thought to other pens, providing he may have Darwin's personality to himself.

His "Darwin" ought to find a place on every shelf, between the "Origin of Species" and the "Descent of Man," to remind readers—if there still are any—of those once so devastating volumes, how gentle a soul and how rigorously honest an intelligence produced them. A little more emphasis on Darwin's personal methods of thought and work would be no bad thing to introduce amid the shiny brass and glass and porcelain, and the impeccable architecture, of our painfully elaborate modern laboratories. It is quite likely the one thing they need most; and Mr. Bradford may in that sense claim to have contributed to science. Whether the scientists are bright enough to seize upon his contribution is another question.

Shiloh

THE ORPHAN ANGEL. By ELINOR WYLIE. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

"Ah, did you once see Shelley plain."

NOW that the United States is swept and garnished, with a newsstand and a soda water fountain at each crossroad, and a movie every night everywhere, it is hard to realize that the idea of America was once a great romance, and easy to forget that the memory of a boundless America where civilized man could stretch again toward freedom will always be a romantic theme of the first magnitude. Shakespeare boarded it in "The Tempest," Wordsworth and Coleridge were moved by it, Châteaubriand in his morbid but beautiful "Atala" forecast such stories as "The Orphan Angel," the bluff Cooper spread the virgin forest before the eyes of Europe, now the mere hardships and dangers of the pioneer become picturesque in "The Covered Wagon" and the narratives of Herbert Quick. No matter what the realists may do with prairie dulness or mercantile degeneracy, the idea of America remains essentially romantic.

We are too sophisticated for Cooper, too rationalistic for Châteaubriand, and grow a little annoyed with realism, which heaps up the recovered detail of frontier experience with scarcely a glimpse of its significance for the imagination. There is romance in the American scene of a kind not yet distilled from the epic wilderness, and to think that because our intellectuals are obsessed with naturalism and our uncritical readers are content with sentimental adventure, we shall have no new romance, is to read literary history falsely. The fascinating theme has caught that curious compound of modernism and the eighteenth century which is the mind of Elinor Wylie, and it will capture others. There is a "Beowulf" and a "Hamlet," a "Gulliver's Travels," and also a "Rasselas," and a "Vathek" in the chronicles of America.

* * *

Elinor Wylie is essentially a poet, and an intensely civilized poet. It was not the epic breadth of America that led her to choose an Odyssey to the Pacific for her beloved Shelley, the hero of her story. What is mere breadth or gross adventure to the sophisticated mind! She sought rather the intoxicating delight of thrusting this pure and passionate intellect into an unmeasured land whose beauty was the freedom he adored in principle, and whose inhabitants, if they could seem to live at all beside his burning spirit, did so by virtue of crude qualities which in their pure essence he had celebrated in his verse. Shelley rescued near dead from drowning off Leghorn by a Yankee clipper brig, and not unwillingly carried to America (for he suspected that Mary no longer loved him); Shelley with his hearty rescuer, Davie Butternut, off for St. Louis where the vague ideal of an injured woman alone, beautiful, in peril, captured his fancy like an unwritten poem; Shelley drifting down the Ohio on a log raft with a philosopher and a mathematician; Shelley lifting his fine head proudly while the Indians prepared the torture; Shelley loved by mountain naïveté and by the desert passion of Anne, the adopted daughter of a tribe; Shelley in California troubled by the metaphysics of love and freedom—what an opportunity for a poet whose chiselled prose can render (as we saw in "Jennifer Lorn," and "The Venetian Glass Nephew") sophisticated fantasy, and can adapt (as we see now) the primitive and the barbarous (but never the bourgeois) with that ease of generalized portraiture which the eighteenth century knew so well!

I do not intend to mislead the reader. It was not the idea of America that Elinor Wylie set out to capture in this book. Her story could have been told, though not, I think, as vividly, in China or in Turkestan. It was accident, perhaps, which brought Shelley (who is Shiloh in the narrative) to Boston instead of Canton or Alexandria. This novel, as a novel, is first of all a free flowing portrait of a genius, and that is its best claim upon reputation; Shelley, not America, is its hero.

This Shelley, in spite of the convincing documentation of the book, is more interesting as a character of genius than as a replica of a dead poet. He is Ariel, the creative soul obsessed by beauty and freedom, with far more emphasis and far sharper definition than in Maurois's biographical fiction of that name. Indeed Shiloh (the pious David's grasp at his real name once muttered) is a better designation for Elinor Wylie's hero than either Ariel or his true appellation which is never discovered. For this Shelley is neither tricksy spirit nor portrait of an English rebel. He is a flame of freedom in a beautiful body, not so much recreated as created afresh; he is what a poet ought to be, a personality so rich and so moving that its nobility cannot be hid; frontiersman, Indians, corrupt Dons of California, most of all women, and especially young and fiery and beautiful women, never for an instant mistake his aristocracy of the emotions and the mind. Shiloh is what Elinor Wylie, and all poets, would wish themselves to be.

* * *

It is Shiloh's book, but, as romance, it is romance of America. With more reason than Châteaubriand, the author has assembled the background of forests, dangers of the desert, Indian chiefs (who talk like Horace Walpole), whiskey drinking Davids, frontier girls of pellucid spirit and instinctive amorosity, all for the passage of this flaming spirit, who is so human against such a background, which, in turn, is so much more romantic for his passing. This is to give America a new kind of romance; and it is indicative of the fertility of American fiction that while Miss Cather and Miss Glasgow are integrating the American novel toward a decisive study of character, and John Dos Passos and others are breaking it into fragments to catch the reflections of a social chaos, and Sinclair Lewis is sharpening its focus into photographic satire, this writer should lift theme and style and character out of realism altogether into the reality of spiritual romance.

Elinor Wylie, I am told, has never read Cooper. If so, here is an argument for those who urge the influence of environment on the mind, for in narrative method "The Orphan Angel" is a perfect Cooper novel. It begins, as he always does, with a plight and a complication, it contains, as his books nearly always do, an Unknown, it proceeds, as was his method, by a pursuit, and it is characterized, as was his invariable way, by a civilized being in company with a naïf. Cooper's naïfs are better than Elinor Wylie's because he knew and loved them better than she does hers. David Butternut, robust as he is, cannot compare with Natty Bumpo. But Cooper's great failures came because his intellectual aristocrats were romantic ciphers of the fashionable period type. If Cooper could have given a Shiloh to his Natty he would have been unsurpassed on his own level. Indeed, it would be possible to find a parallel incident in Cooper for every one of Shelley's adventures on his footway across the continent, and if Cooper's incidents to the literal mind are more satisfying, this is because his honest imagination was concerned only with what happened, not with the why of it, or its adumbrations for the intellect.

Cooper and Elinor Wylie, like Æsop and La Fontaine, tell the same story, one for the simple, the other for the complex, and the differences might well be a text for literary students. The most significant item of these differences is the study of the romantic character, already referred to, where, to my modern mind, the poetic genius of Shiloh is more satisfying than all the crop of Werthers, Childe Harolds, and Ivanhoes that stirred the world a hundred years ago. And the next is in style. Elinor Wylie's meticulous prose seems precious beside the eager rush of those earlier romantics at their fortunate moments; and when the emotional tensity of the story rises, like a trout, toward beauty, her style strains, as a poet's will, into language that is

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too rhythmic, too intensely figured for prose. Indeed, one asks, parenthetically, if the whole of "The Orphan Angel" should not, and would not, in happier times, have been written as a narrative poem? But away from exalted mood, the exquisite competence of this writer makes a hobbledehoy of Cooper, or of Scott. Not a sentence falters, not a word fails in its mission. The chief charge against the English romantics from Spenser down, that they write loosely, and drop into bathos when the sun is off the peaks, will never be brought against Elinor Wylie.

I should define "The Orphan Angel" as a *tour de force*, like David Garnett's "Lady Into Fox," but much broader and finer, less of a "stunt," more of an achievement. As a novel, it belongs with the not too many which have dealt successfully with realized genius. As a romance, it is a new and piquant rendering of the American theme for sophisticated readers seeking, as they sought in the eighteenth century, for savour and ideas more than for story or verisimilitude. It is, in fact, a poet's book, by one not born, but made, a novelist, to be read for its poetic ideas and poetic incidents dressed exquisitely in prose for the benefit of The Age of Fiction. Not to say this is to give it too high a rank as a novel, and also too little praise for its excellence as spiritual romance captured by humor and insight for the uses of earth. Those who miss, for example, the delicate symbolism in the Don's reply to Shiloh, "Mine was an old name in heaven, and one that you have always admired," should go elsewhere for their reading. We regret that they must lose something rare and fine which Elinor Wylie has brought into American literature.

A Panel of American Life

EARLY AUTUMN. By Louis Bromfield. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by Lloyd Morris

ITS ambitious design is alone sufficient to make Mr. Bromfield's projected "screen of American life" seem significant in our current fiction. "Early Autumn," the third panel in that screen, reproduces almost without modification the merits and defects exhibited by his two previous novels. Mr. Bromfield has a notable *flair* for impressive subjects. His conceptions are admirable; his execution of them is disappointing. He does not succeed in making his materials yield their maximum value. Consequently his books have fallen short of their potential achievement. He is fertile in invention and skilful in composition, but his uncommon facility frequently lapses into superficiality. He is capable of writing prose that has grace, urbanity, and charm. He is equally capable of writing prose that is glaringly untidy and awkward. He is, in short, an uneven writer; a novelist of singular promise who has made little progress in the mastery of his craft.

"Early Autumn" takes for its subject the conflict between a decadent New England gentility and the claims of a vigorous and vital modern world. This conflict is illustrated, in its social aspects, by the relations of the Pentland family, representatives of an historic lineage and tradition, to their immediate environment. It is illustrated, in its spiritual meaning, by the fortunes of Olivia Pentland, whose life wastes itself in the service of an illusion. The conflict arises in the experience of love; actually, the novel portrays the responses to love made by three generations, and implies those of a fourth and earlier generation. The materials that go into the making of Mr. Bromfield's story are excellent. The story itself, as fable, is skilfully contrived. The theme which it illustrates is significant. But the potential (one would have thought the inevitable) effect is missed. It is missed either because Mr. Bromfield's insight was inadequate to the demands of his subject or, assuming that this was not the case, because he contented himself with a treatment that is superficial instead of thorough.

The characters portrayed by Mr. Bromfield have a vigor that seems independent of his portrayal of them. They have, as well, a symbolic significance that is wasted in the telling of the story. Aunt Cassie, with her monstrous virginity, John Pentland with his inhibited sexual energy, and Mrs. Soames with her frustrated sexual desire, the priapic figure of Higgins the groom; all these imply meanings of which Mr. Bromfield has taken no conclusive advantage. The episodic material of the story, likewise, possesses values superior to those which the author has extracted. Had the narrative treatment been adequate, we should have felt the progress of events to be inevitable, ironic, and tragic in its significance. Instead, there is an effect of casual accident, a mood of rather shallow satire, and a significance that seems purely sentimental. Mr. Bromfield relies excessively upon the use of *clichés*: as, for example, the tedious repetition of references to articles of furniture bestowed or occupied by Emerson, Longfellow, and Lowell; the reiterated allusions to Anson Pentland's genealogical work, and to one character as "Apostle to the Genteel."

"Early Autumn" is not without interest, not without charm, and not without merit. It has sufficient of all three to make one regret its failure to achieve positive distinction. Mr. Bromfield has been disrespectful to his subject and his materials. And that is a pity.

The Wife of a Genius

MRS. SOCRATES. By Fritz Mauthner. Translated by Jacob W. Hartmann. New York: International Publishers. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by Emily James Putnam

Author of "Candaules' Wife and Other Stories"

PROFESSOR ERSKINE'S dislike of Menelaus is the inevitable result of his response to Helen's charm. Can you blame him?—as the old men of Troy said long ago of the armies who fought for her possession. There is no paradox involved; we are all ready to agree that Menelaus is the sort of husband who is born to be run away from. Herr Mauthner's enthusiasm carries him to greater heights. Having nothing left of poor Xanthippe but her sharp tongue he builds up about it a vivid woman, loving though stormy, able, enduring and, at moments, wise. And in the heat of creation he becomes her partisan against Socrates, the great, the good, the irresistible.

As a portrait painter Herr Mauthner belongs to the distortionists. Had his medium been oils he would have given Xanthippe green hair and Socrates a third ear. In the first place he modernizes consistently, creating museums and a Stock Exchange in Athens, and causing Socrates to show his wife a "map of Europe." And where he uses a bit of authentic information he takes pains to denature it. Pericles's fatal illness is made to last for "many years;" two of Socrates's sons are suppressed; his famous last words are given in a form that amounts to interpretation for the illiterate. Let no sophomore, therefore, buy the book with the expectation of getting a jam-covered pellet of information. What he will get is an arresting, witty, and poignant study of the life of the Wife of a Genius, made piquant by the use of great and familiar names.

Not the most thick-and-thin admirer of Socrates has ever, I suppose, imagined him to have been a good provider, and in the faint historic background against which his cool and urbane temperament stands in relief no one has ever been surprised to see dimly sketched the passionate features of a woman whose nerves his companionship has jangled. Great men cannot be bothered by wives and mothers; in crises they tend to forget their existence. "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" they are capable of saying, or "Crito, let some one take her home." Focussing those dim features Herr Mauthner has brought them into the foreground. According to him Xanthippe was a handsome country-girl, an orphan and a modest heiress, when Aspasia selected her as a suitable consolation for Socrates whom she herself had rejected as a suitor. On her first appearance in Athenian society Xanthippe achieved fame at once by slapping Alcibiades who was complimenting her with his usual enterprising attentions. In later life he made more serious attempts upon her peace of mind and spoke of her with respect as the only good-looking Athenian woman whose husband had the laugh on his side.

Aspasia talked both the reluctant parties into the marriage. At the wedding-supper Xanthippe for the first time heard her strange, ugly, absent-minded husband exert himself to talk and noted his easy superiority to all the other men. "She made up her mind that Socrates, revered by all Athens as its sage, should be recognized by her as her unquestioned master, and should find her a good wife, ready to meet all his caprices, if such he had." She tidied the squalid house to which he brought her, furnished it from her well-stocked farmhouse, and tried with energy and good faith to build round him a spick and span bourgeois home. Presently she discovered that from the day of his marriage he had ceased to work, and he explained to her pleasantly that since they could live on the rent of her farm there was no reason why he should. Daughter of hard-working stock she was profoundly shocked: was Socrates a god? or a scamp? His imprudence finally obliged her to sell the farm to pay his debts; she took over his abandoned stock of marble and set up in business. Socrates neglected her and she supported him. The "Socratic method," which turned even the urbane Protagoras sulky and made a hardened sophist like Thrasymachus rave as a wild beast, when used in the field of domestic discussion changed a devoted wife into a shrew. Thus in a familiar sequence Xanthippe lost first her property, then her looks, and then her temper.

To Socrates's great surprise he became a father, and little Lamprocles solaced his mother's woes; but Socrates as a parent was even more irritating than as a husband. In his malice Herr Mauthner arranges a sequence of events whereby Socrates's clumsiness and impatience as a father start a train that leads to his death. His three-year old son fails to grasp his father's explanation that the verb "to rain" is impersonal; it is incorrect to say "the clouds rain" or even "God rains," for God (said Socrates) is only a collective name for meteorological phenomena. When the child amiably repeated his original formula Socrates beat him. The nurse rescued him and ran into the street with him shouting to all she met her version of the scene—Socrates declared the clouds were gods! The town was amused. Aristophanes heard of it. Not long afterwards "The Clouds" was performed with Xanthippe as a horror-struck spectator.

In Herr Mauthner's symbolism the clouds recur. As Xanthippe fled from Athens after Socrates's death, leading her child by the hand, the edges of the clouds shone red and even the boy was impressed.

> "Mother, look at the nice cloud."
> His mother tightened her grasp on his arm and rudely shouted at him, "What are the clouds to you! Look to your feet that you do not fall."

Her heroic death in saving a village from destruction by fire was overshadowed by clouds of smoke and dust and flame. Her son never knew his father's name. As she lay dying she gave him a prism—her only memento of Socrates—and said, "Pure sunlight is fatal. Break it up into colors—that it may be pleasing and beautiful."

A Family Chronicle

TIDES. By Ada and Julian Street. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1926.

Reviewed by Allan Nevins

MR STREET has written a family chronicle, with the growth of Chicago from 1870 to 1900 as its background. Three generations of the Wheelocks—the pioneer grandfather, who wrests a moderate fortune from the development of the Northwest; the dilettante son; and the earnest, hard-working grandson—constitute the centre of the long and rather loose narrative. The first chapter shows us the Chicago which is just decisively outstripping St. Louis as the Western metropolis: a Chicago in which the Union stockyards are but a decade old, the Pullman car is a novelty, the river tunnels and lake crib are new, long streets still have to be raised from the primeval marsh, and Jackson Park is being built far out in the country. The later chapters show us the Chicago which found itself a real city after the World's Fair: a Chicago with the first steel skyscrapers, with William Rainey Harper's new university, with Daniel Burnham's dreams of a city plan, with long rows of millionaires' residences on the North Side, with Eugene Field and Hamlin Garland, with the rush and roar of the new century. The intervening years have carried the eldest Wheelock from late middle age to death and the youngest Wheelock from infancy to manhood.

What plot there is in such a narrative must grow quietly from the changes in environment and personages, and be subsidiary in interest to both. It is the great merit of Mr. Street's entertaining volume that the reader frequently forgets there is any plot at all. What there is can be summarized in a sentence. Young Alan Wheelock, the grandson and the pivotal character, suffers the neighbor's daughter whom he loves and who loves him, Blanche Holden, to be carried off in a whirlwind courtship by a bolder youth, while he allows himself to be captured by a designing young woman for whom he has no really deep attachment; the result is marital

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unhappiness all around, which Alan and Blanche face without flinching. The plot might easily be bettered. But this does not matter, for the novel stands or falls by its presentation of a period, a place, and a few people, typical of both. We are glad to say it stands. It succeeds in making Chicago an actuality without labored scene setting, and in creating three persons who in varying degree are vivid and interesting—old Zenas Wheelock, Alan Wheelock, and Blanche. The others are shadows, these are substance.

Particularly is Zenas Wheelock real. The Yankee pioneer who had come west as a fur trader and who recalled the day when the Kinzie homestead was the only dwelling on the site of the future city, dominates the family by his strength of character. His prototypes can be found by any one who consults Thomas W. Goodspeed's admirable two volumes on Chicago pioneers who became business leaders. His physical energy is expressed in his frequent boast that he can "lick his weight in wildcats." He likes space, quiet, and cleanness, and the advance of the crowded city upon his suburban residence fills him with uneasiness. He is Godfearing and Puritanical, but wisely tolerant; the chief thorn of his happy old age is the fact that his earlier family home is now in the centre of the red light district of Chicago. He has pretensions to culture, and when his portrait is painted for the historical society he is shown holding a volume of Voltaire. For all the moral rigidity with which he conducts his own life, he forgives his neighbor when the latter breaks a verbal agreement regarding some property, and his son when the younger Wheelock's negligence permits the actual use of the old home for immoral purposes. He is shrewd, kindly, helpful. A man of impossible virtues? Not at all; Mr. Street makes the wrinkled, erect old pioneer quite human and genuine.

The one failure of this excellent book is in its ill-managed grasp at a climax at the end. Mr. Street leaps across twenty years, from 1900 to 1921; he carries us at a bound from Chicago to New York. Here he shows us Alan Wheelock, already graying, and Blanche, a matron of late middle age, in the final realization that their respective marriages are failures. The reader feels that he hardly knows either of these people, and that he certainly knows nothing of them as Easterners. But as a narrative ofthe Wheelocks of Chicago the novel is a thorough success.

Fairy-Gold

A RIDE ON A ROCKING-HORSE. By Ray Garnett. New York: E. P. Dutton. 1917 and 1926.

THIS is quite the most appealing book for children that we have come across in several seasons. It has everything we are always looking for between covers and so seldom find,—colored pictures and quaint fancies, children and animals and elves and witches, not to speak of the Giant's Little Daughter, who is as unique a child character as we have ever met outside Hans Andersen. The author has made her own pictures and they are almost better than the story if anything could be, though that would be difficult to imagine. All these illustrations are in queer, utterly satisfying flat color, rather in the Boutet de Monvel style, but with the same charm of line and early wood-cut feeling which characterized the work of Miss Garnett in her pictures for the famous adult fantasy "Lady Into Fox."

We could say a great deal more about the pictures if the story were not so gay and arresting also. Every word of it is a joy and never once does grown-up sophistication intrude. It is alive with enchanting fancies and imaginings and we never for a moment lose sight of the magic world of Mid-Summer's Eve as seen by the little boy who rides off into Adventure on the back of the miraculous Rocking-Horse who is able to become alive for that one night of the year. How the Horse is stolen by witches and rescued by Ned with the aid of the lonely little daughter of the race of Giants; how Ned meets with the child Jenny on her pet deer and dances with her and flies with the green elves; how they ride the clouds and become involved in sky battles; and how Ned finally returns in safety from the witches' country by means of the magic yellow flower and many more delectable happenings are recounted in words that are as fresh and simple and full of beauty and poetry as they should be, but as, alas, they so seldom are in tales for either old or young readers.

The Bowling Green

"With Apples Feed Us"

(In Mr. Morley's temporary absence the following article is substituted for his contribution.)

THE tart scent of bruised apples swimming through my small window, thumping of apple-boxes into the express-wagon, snarls of exaggerated ferocity as Jeff manœuvers meek, fat-sided Peg into the shafts,—these jerk me from unconsciousness into the dawn of another farm day. The clipped bright-edged morning peers in at me as I wrestle with my bloomers,—trees green as parsley, quick-silver-tipped grass, hills of smooth plum blue —all clean and brilliant as a peep-show set in rock crystal.

Jeff is already bumping across the hayfield when little Dicky and I bear down on him with the baskets. The high mops of the elms sleep still in the windless morning, early sun-heads snap and sparkle about us as we kick the heavy dew from the stubble. On the knoll stand the stocky rows of the Williams trees, bosomed with a thousand balls of maroon fruit, steamed with dew, the lanced light picking out the crimson cheeks of the topmost globes. We rattle down the sopped aisles scouting out the "drops" embedded in the hay, or in the soaking wreaths of tall poison-ivy that circle the trees. Next the ladders in good "sets" and mounting quickly we are lost in the thick boughs, heads in those unstudied friezes of tilted leaf and apple curve, shifting with every glance and with every glance inimitable. The cut of folded leaves against the sun, dim hazy moons of high-light on the wine-dark fruit, darts of silvery day arrowing into the tight-massed coverts, stems and twigs silhouetted for a moment, then lost in new intricacies of plaited foliage! In a slow trance of muffled sensations the drugged morning wears away,—the feel of the ladder in the insteps, twitching of strong little reluctant stems, slow perilous descent with full baskets, and the heartsome apple rumble as the great crisp balls pour into the boxes.

At last a dim halloo filters up to us, and Chubb, pulling the old democrat comes clumping up the lane, with "Boss" pinched into the narrow seat by Agnes and the plump lolling twins. The divine languor then, of that soft August noon—lying prostrate on a mound of hay, eating baked beans from a can, thick peanut-butter sandwiches, and home-cured pickles. The twins chatter like little monkeys over their mugs of warm milk, and we dip thirsty noses into great glasses of cold creamy chocolate. We drink propped on one elbow like the Romans, too indolent to stir from the delectable spiky couch. Shrill little wasp-like screams rise and drift to the apple roofs, as the babies spar greasily with their bread and butter, Agnes chides them in her low reasoning voice,—we see the sky floating like a loose pavilion above the orchards,—paled from the deep gentian of early morning, it is flossed over with small lily heads of cloud. Lying so and so gazing, I remember André in Tolstoy's "War and Peace," and how, wounded on the battlefield, he lost himself in that "blue sky," symbol of the soul's secret ecstasy. In this remote New England orchard now, the same sky speaks, matching with its mulled blue peace, a certain vein of serenity that lodges deep-set in the uneasy heart.

"Get the summer sweets," says "Boss," suddenly rising and shattering the dreamy bubble of the August noon. Jeff and I climb to the wagon-seat and in the blazing midday bump over the fields to the low lines of the yellow-apple trees. As the lurching wagon hurls us together and then apart, we compare poison-ivy ravages on our arms, drone snatches of moth-eaten popular songs, only half conscious as the molten heat lays its anesthetic ray on our backs and our nerveless limbs. Bland as lemon-gold the pippins and summer sweets sit in the light leaves as we plump over a hidden boulder into the walled pasture. The staid little trees hold them secretly, tinting in all colors of the sun from greenish primrose to pale maize and pea. Crouching on the grass under my familiar house of boughs, I see the thin leaves take on translucency, fade to small ovals of dusty gilt in the alchemy of the afternoon. Smooth honey-colored spheres dangle in a tendrilled leaf mass of Andalusian yellow-green. The heat steeps out the strong heady aroma of ripe fruit,—I am neither awake nor asleep but immersed in a lake of hot wavering light, sun-hues running through the spectrum values from marigold to cream.

Mid-afternoon finds us in the shed, great mountains of red and yellow apples piled about us on the canvas tables. A breeze of hay and sun-scorched fruit whips through the window, shadowy tiers of fresh pine boxes loom to the eaves.

"I reckon that'll keep you outer mischief," says Jeff in his artificial farmer twang.

At last I am alone in the shed. I select a huge red Astrachan and perch on a box-end to consume it. After my fourth, I slap off the hornets and leisurely stencil three boxes,—"Fancy," "Number 1," and "Number 2." The hillocks of apples stare threateningly at me, and in desperation, I attack them. At first I inspect each apple carefully to decide on its quality, but gradually they begin to skim through my hands, grading themselves without my volition. Reduced to an identity of mere eyes and hands, a red river whizzes past me. Silence in the shed except for the bump of the fruit and the wheezy little engines of mosquitos and wasps. Now and then I linger over a special "topping off," turning the little stems all one way, and tucking into a corner the last perfect rose-stained Williams.

After an eternity "Boss" and the boys clatter up with innumerable heaped boxes and the crowded apple-day nears its close. Graded, crated, stencilled, the tally made,—at last with groans of weariness we cast ourselves into the wagon for the trip home.

Coated deep with grime from head to foot, I lie prostrate on the hard floor of the wagon as on a bed of swansdown. The luxury of not moving is too exquisite to bear. The sun slants through the chestnuts, a wind lisps in the leaves, we toss off our hats as Peg pokes under the shadow of the hill.

"Low bridge," cries Jeff, as we turn into the home lane, apple-bordered with trees bending to the walls, propped in their magnificent fruition by dozens of crooked birch poles. The hills and pastures begin to steam with a bluish smoke, at the barway the black cow is trumpeting, listlessly we propel ourselves toward supper and bed.

After supper, fed, washed, and shriven, I loiter down the pasture to the large flat rock under the elm tree. Long festoons of leaves droop about me as I relax on the warmed stone, the boughs stir and are still, dusk like a hooded sybil prowls with blue fans and skimming draperies along the edge of the wood, —the stonewalls, the huckleberry bushes, the russet cows, slowly dissolve into gray nothingness. Only the tips of the elm twigs, high above me, moor on their barbs of green the pink tatters of the waning day. The leaves shiver and languish,—the milk-mild pasture air spins silently about me its feathery cocoon.

Aching with exhaustion, powerless to move, every muscle inert, devastated, spent,—I lie in a stupor of incredible felicity. Darkness draws around,—I have no thoughts, no volitions, no hopes, no cares. I am suspended in a deep elixir, fathoms below the pricks of a rasping world, secure for a moment as that nymph Sabrina, of Milton's imagining, who had no sterner thought than the braiding of lilies in her drowned hair.

On Sunday morning, unthinkably and gorgeously free, I jam my pockets with hard, red-streaked Gravensteins, snatch up "Jean-Christophe," and escape to the farthest hummock of the pasture. Skirting gingerly the red nibbling cows, keeping a sharp eye out for snakes, I push into a covert of aromatic sweetfern. There lying with my head in the shadow of the pungent shrub, I am transported to the Rhine meadows, where the boy Jean walks at sundown with his Uncle Gottfried, listening to the fine zithery music of the grasses and the sky. Little by little the upland pastures recede, the sweetfern odors die away, aerial skiffs of milkweed coursing the paths and clearings sink from sight, and I am sucked into the arteries of another life, into the profundity of another experience, superbly penetrated by Rolland, who treads confidently the secret fields of the soul, and by some inspired naturalist's scent, divines where hopes, fears, loves, and ambitions put down their delicate roots.

The hours swing past, the sun mounts, the zeep of crickets and grasshoppers waxes shriller in the heat,—æons and worlds away a persistent tinny bell pries into my consciousness. Returning into myself again, with that tonic sense of having modulated into a new key,—the gift of all supreme insight,—I wind light-headedly back to the farm dinner of corn, greens, and sharp red-apple sauce.

Christine Turner Curtis.

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Books of Special Interest

Some Monasteries

FORGOTTEN SHRINES OF SPAIN. By MILDRED STAPLEY BYNE. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by ERNEST C. PEIXOTTO
Author of "Through Spain and Portugal"

FROM the very nature of its contents —descriptions of a group of monastic churches and cloisters—this book would present, in the hands of a less-gifted writer, a certain danger of monotony, yet Mrs. Byne has so imbued each monument with a personality of its own and has given to the reader such a vivid series of word portraits, supplemented by photographs, that this danger has undoubtedly been avoided.

She first presents to us three far-away monasteries of the great northern plateau, two in the vicinity of Burgos and the other in the Guadarramas near La Granja. Of the three, by far the most interesting is Santo Domingo de Silos, where "Dominic went and glorified God and art by building the most beautiful Romanesque cloister in existence." High praise indeed, and unquestionably deserved if one would but insert the words "one of." The great architectural beauty of the grand old pile is further enhanced by the fact that Silos still echoes "only to the tread of learned Benedictines, black-robed and black-cowled," who spend their lives in prayer and study, "proudly maintaining the reputation for erudition which their order has always enjoyed." And so it is with a certain sadness and dismay, that one reads Mrs. Byne's most interesting account of the "Dispersal of the Silos Treasure," the systematic spoliation of its priceless library after the Disestablishment in 1835,—a story, alas, only too common in Spain but somewhat mitigated in this instance by the discovery of valuable manuscripts, long hidden, that were found quite recently by the French monks who have taken up their residence at Silos after their expulsion from France.

Mrs. Byne's historical accounts and her appreciative descriptions of architecture are enlivened by numerous human touches like her story of poor little "Mr. Cuenca" shut up in a Jesuit school, and there is abundant humor also, as in this sentence that she uses in describing the Baroque atrocities of El Paular: "It seems as if it was reserved for the Carthusians, who had taken a vow of silence, to scream the loudest in their art." The story, too, of the "cow's inspired perambulations" that resulted in the founding of Nuestra Senora of Guadalupe is told with just the right amount of malice and just enough satire to make the sympathetic reader grin and chuckle.

On the other hand, the description of the fatigues and difficulties of the all-dav ride in the cramped little cart in order to reach this far-away monastery, is enough to deter any but hardened travelers, yet the goal was well worth the journey as even living conditions at Guadalupe were excellent, visitors being allowed to stay with the monks —and witness this toothsome *cocido*:

> The oval platter on which he sent it in must have measured three feet across—a colorful mosaic of *garbanzos* and spinach separated by a line of unctuous red *chorizo* or pork sausage, a border of little cubes of glistening bacon, while out at the platter's edge, radiating starlike, were the juicy ribs of the several sucklings sacrificed for the feast.

This and other accounts of monastic fare call to mind the Gargantuan kitchens of Alcobaca, greatest of their kind, and, indeed, many of Mrs. Byne's descriptions make one think of those marvelous abbey-churches of Portugal and create a desire to establish more definite standards of comparison. Do any of the cloisters described by Mrs. Byne equal the never-to-be-forgotten Hieronymite cloisters at Belem or the more sober courts of Batalha? The style, of course, is different and there would scarcely be a trace, in Portugal, of the Mudejar influence which Mrs. Byne makes so important a part of her disquisitions.

To Americans, perhaps the most gripping portion of her narrative, will be the chapters devoted to Santa Clara and La Rabida down near Seville and close to the old port of Palos, so intimately connected with the thrilling story of Columbus's departure on his great adventure. Two more old monasteries up in Catalonia (one of them, Poblet, quite well-known) complete the list of Mrs. Byne's "Forgotten Shrines."

Her book certainly leaves the impression that it was written (as it was) by one who knows her Spain thoroughly and who is in complete sympathy not only with its art and history but with its people as well. The illustrations, most of them from well-chosen photographs by Mr. Byne, are beautiful.

Baudelaire's Poems

LES FLEURS DU MAL. The complete poems of CHARLES BAUDELAIRE, translated by Lewis Piaget Shanks. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1926. $3.

Reviewed by F. B. LUQUIENS
Yale University

THIS volume of Baudelaire's poems in English deserves the reader's confidence. Professor Shanks is an accomplished French scholar, and knows not only his French language and literature in general, but also his Baudelaire in particular. He does not betray him, therefore, by faulty renderings, and this is more than can be said of most translations of foreign authors by Americans.

Nor does he betray him *metrically*, even though he does not exactly reflect his meters. Baudelaire, of course, used the Alexandrine for most of his poems, and Professor Shanks uses it not at all. But this is because he knows it would be a disservice to his poet to reflect the most flexible and musical of English meters. He has represented Baudelaire's Alexandrines, in almost every instance, by our pentameter line in iambic movement.

To represent the French octosyllable, the next most common meter used by Baudelaire, Professor Shanks has almost always used the English octosyllable, and very successfully. In a few cases, however, possibly for the sake of reflecting the direct attack of some of the lines of the poems in question (as in "Le Vampire"), he has used seven-syllable trochaics. To the reviewer this method does not seem as successful as the other, although he must admit that sometimes, as in "L'Invitation du Voyage," the translator handles trochaics admirably.

The less common meters used by Baudelaire are not many, and Professor Shanks has usually represented them by our less common meters. His various translations, therefore, will make on the English reader metrical impressions that correspond in general to those made originally. This is the best kind of faithfulness in things metrical.

And yet, in spite of Professor Shanks's scholarship and his "gift of Poesy," has he not betrayed Baudelaire, after all, and would not any one do so, merely by translating him into English? Not on the general principle that all translation is betrayal, a principle to which the present reviewer would certainly not ascribe, but because it is impossible to translate Baudelaire. His pessimism, his beautiful morbidity, are so essentially French! (I do not mean, of course, that all French literature is pessimistic and morbid; but the French, above all other nations, know how to be cynics and neurotics artistically.) The "Fleurs du Mal," transplanted into English gardens, lose so much of their fragrance. This is the fault, perhaps, of the *genus* Anglo-Saxon, whose nostrils cannot appreciate that kind of fragrance. It is certainly not the translator's fault. It is certain, indeed, that those rare Anglo-Saxons who have learned to love the French spirit in all its various manifestations, even in such as the "Fleurs du Mal," will find in Professor Shanks's translations a great deal of the original charm.

Humphrey Milford is about to issue for the Early English Society an edition of Caxton's "Book of the Ordre of Chivalry," printed page for page with Adam Loutfut's Scottish transcript (Harleian MS. 1649), made some ten years later than Caxton's print. Loutfut's transcript supplements the scanty remains of Scottish prose before 1500, and reveals the points of divergence between English and Scots at the end of the fifteenth century. The text has been edited by Alfred T. P. Byles, lecturer in English at the Exeter Diocesan Training College, with an introduction.

Among the voluminous collections of works left by Rene Antoine Ferchault de Réaumur, one of the founders of modern science, when he died in 1757, was a "Natural History of Ants." This is about to be published for the first time by Alfred A Knopf in a volume edited by W. Morton Wheeler, Professor of Economic Entomology at Harvard University. Professor Wheeler accompanies the text with a translation, as well as general introduction, an essay on Reaumur's life and work.

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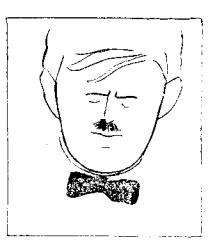

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Theories of Art

THE PRINCIPLES OF DECORATION. By R. G. HATTON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1925. $3.50.

THE ROMANCE OF DESIGN. By GARNET WARREN, and HORACE B. CHENEY. New York: Doubleday, Page. 1926. $10.

THE PRACTICAL BOOK OF TAPESTRIES. By GEORGE LELAND HUNTER. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. 1925. $10.

Reviewed by MYRIC R. ROGERS
Harvard University

A TITLE is often the most misleading feature of a book as the first two of the above would indicate. Silence would be the kindest thing in both cases, but a trusting public, even though small, must be dealt with honestly.

In any book on the graphic arts the illustrations offer a fairly good index to its quality for obviously a lack of discrimination or taste here will tend to follow through. In Mr. Hatton's book they are printed in heavy line for later coloring by the reader—perfectly safe, since even the color blind would do them no harm. Moreover we fail to find any idea worthy of the title "principle" though the author is full of ingenious contrivances for the solution of little problems in a rather interesting way. Like so much so-called instruction in the arts the book at no time gets really down to fundamentals, but this is not strange when the author promulgates such obvious rot as "Anyone can decorate because anyone can sufficiently master some simple means of making a *glad effect.*" (The italics are added). This allows an absolute divorce to the good couple Design and Decoration who must stand together no matter how great their conjugal difficulties appear to be. In any case just what does a glad effect signify? While there are some good ideas scattered through the pages—notably one on the degradation of ornamental form—it simply does not come up to the standard which a serious work on this subject should attain.

Having hoped for relief in "The Romance of Design" we were disagreeably disappointed. While no one will deny the contribution of Cheney Bros. to the modern textile industry, it is hard to understand why they considered necessary such an elaborate bit of advertising at the public expense. About half the book is devoted to a rather superficial but easily written sketch of the various "Periods." The other half is little else but a sumptuous catalogue of Cheney reproductions and adaptations of ancient textiles with stylistic comment. As a sort of trade pamphlet *de luxe* it is to be very highly commended, but we fail to see why the public should be expected to pay ten dollars for what they can get better elsewhere at a fraction of the price. The illustrations are, on the whole, good, but not extraordinary.

In Mr. Hunter's contribution we certainly find what the title indicates and a good deal more—*multum in parvo*. It is an excellent handbook on the subject, packed with real information and excellently illustrated, and should be of considerable service not only to the tyro but also to the more advanced student and amateur. Too often in books of this sort the author neglects to emphasize or sometimes even to describe adequately the technical processes which are at once the limitation and glory of the art, omitting perhaps the most important element in the formation of an intelligent standard of appreciation. Mr. Hunter has certainly avoided these pitfalls, probably because of his own intimate understanding and has made the development of the technique the main theme of the story. In this connection, however, the author in his enthusiasm possibly claims rather more for the perfected technique of the Gothic and Eighteenth century masterpieces than is actually justified. He claims that the "relief" obtainable by judicious use of the discontinuous weft in outline and delineation is greater than that possible with brush or chisel. If relief is used in its usual sense, i.e., chiaroscuro, the statement is patently ridiculous, since the spaces formed are not large enough to give the blackness which lies beyond pigment. If, on the other hand, boldness of pattern is all that is meant, then one cannot pick a serious quarrel. Relief is in any case a rather unfortunate word since the charm of tapestry lies in its essential uniplanar character and equality of texture. The worst periods of tapestry design are those in which relief in the illusionistic sense was striven for.

In general self-styled "practical" books savor too much of a superficial handicraft manual. It would be a pity to let the rather unfortunate title of the series prejudice this volume since it certainly merits a place on the shelves of every library on the decorative arts.

Verse for Children

THIS SINGING WORLD. By LOUIS UNTERMEYER. For Younger Readers. Illustrated by Clara M. Burd and Decie Merwin. Harcourt, Brace. 1923, 1926. $2.50.

FAIRIES AND FRIENDS. By ROSE FYLEMAN. Doran. 1926. $1.25.

LITTLE HOP-SKIPPER. By DOUGLAS MALLOCH. Illustrated by Elizabeth Shippen Green Elliott. Doran. 1926. $1.50.

IN a new edition of his popular collection of modern verse, Louis Untermeyer has selected the poems which have proved especially adapted to reading and teaching to younger readers. About two-thirds of the original book remains and where some of the more subtle and difficult poems have been omitted, simpler story poems from the classics of Longfellow, Browning, and Tennyson have been substituted. Personally we rather regret this, because children usually just skip what they don't care about anyway, and go on to something that appeals to them more. Still, for teachers and schools we suppose this more specialized edition will be valuable and Mr. Untermeyer's taste in selection and arrangement has already proved its own excellence and won the volume its place on juvenile book shelves. There are a number of charmingly written notes added since the earlier edition, and while these must inevitably challenge comparison with the magical ones of Walter de la Mare's "Come Hither," they are nonetheless readable and pleasant. Nathalia Crane; the Three Benéts; James Stephens; Francis Ledwidge; Edna St. Vincent Millay; Walter de la Mare, and many more contemporary poets are included as well as the best of the past, so even the most exacting of youthful readers should be able to find his favorites between the covers. It is a pity, however, that the new illustrations have been made so cheaply-infantile in type as to mar the effect of the book itself. Even very young children can distinguish between a spirited, imaginative illustration and one that is silly and ordinary. With a few exceptions, the artists have seldom managed to catch even a hint of the spirit of the text.

"Fairies and Friends" is another of Rose Fyleman's rather slim, fanciful little volumes of verse about children and fairies. We could not feel that this particular one was quite up to her earlier standard of elvish poetry, but Miss Fyleman is always sincere and musical and sprightly and even her second-best mood is better than so many writer's best! Some of the verses, of course, are exactly what they should be, as for example this fragment from one in her best manner:

Will you come to my house, Fairy? I am poor, I am poor;
There is no velvet on the chairs, no carpet on the floor;
But my mother will bake you a little wee cake if you will stay to tea,
And you shall have the rosy apple a lady gave to me.

We could not feel very much drawn to "Little Hop-Skipper," by Douglas Malloch, despite the fact that its charming jacket and illustrations are by an artist who holds a very warm place in our affections, Elizabeth Shippen Green Elliott. She has not been doing pictures for children's books for some year (at least if she has we haven't been lucky enough to come across them), and we felt sorry the text wasn't more unusual and distinguished as long as it was fortunate enough to have her associated with it. The verses are mostly about the writer's little daughter, and to our way of thinking they are not as successful as they might be because they fall between two kinds of verse,—that written about children for grown-ups, and that about children for children themselves. But authors must be careful not to mix the two moods in the same poem as Mr. Malloch does upon more than one occasion. He should also learn to avoid the sentimental as much as possible. It isn't really playing fair with readers, especially youngsters.

"Over the whole there is a mellow glow of fireside reminiscence"—*N. Y. Sun*

Hamlin Garland's New Book

TRAIL MAKERS OF THE MIDDLE BORDER

by the author of "A Son of the Middle Border," "A Daughter of the Middle Border," etc.

Hamlin Garland:
An Appreciation
by JOSEPH EDGAR CHAMBERLIN

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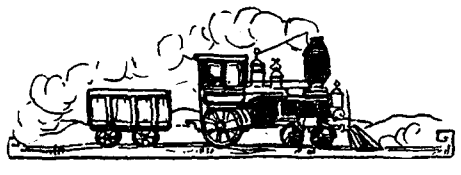
—BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT



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¶ Constance Garland, daughter of the author, has done the illustrations in the spirit of the volume.

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—ST. LOUIS GLOBE DEMOCRAT

¶ "Over the whole narrative there is the mellow glow of fireside reminiscence . . . The view of life in 'the state of nature' is almost Rousseaulike in its simplicity and goodness . . . The cynic may smile at this conception, but Mr. Garland is probably a more accurate historian than any cynic; and his picture of the life as one of mingled hardships and loyalties is probably in nine cases out of ten true to the actual circumstances . . . Interesting and moving book." —NEW YORK SUN

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Foreign Literature

Memories of a Socialist

VON 1850 BIS 1872: KINDHEIT UND JUGENDJAHRE. By EDUARD BERNSTEIN. Berlin: Erich Reiss Verlag. 1926.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

HERR EDUARD BERNSTEIN has been more than fifty years in the German Social Democratic movement and thus represents a generation of German politics of which there are few survivors. He knew Germany long before it was united, Berlin when the thickly populated, busy district round the Anhalter Bahnhof was a modest, working-class quarter, slowly increasing, and when Prussian authority at one end of the scale and Prussian servility at the other were real elements in the social life of Germany. Add to this long and intimate knowledge of a phase of German life that has passed a retentive and accurate memory and a power of literary selection and imagination which before the war made of Herr Bernstein one of the most suspect of politicians to the strictly scientific school of German Social Democracy—and we may count ourselves fortunate that he has been prevailed upon to set down his recollections. Some of them have already appeared, during the war, in a book entitled "Aus den Jahren meines Exiles," which told of Herr Bernstein's life in Switzerland and England, his acquaintance with Marx and John Burns and Hyndman. In this volume he goes back to the beginning and makes a start with telling the story of his life as a whole.

The Bernsteins were, of course, Jews. But they were patriotic Germans, and Eduard's father, who was thirty years an engine-driver, lived in the glory of having by skilful driving saved the life of Wilhelm I. of Germany. The life of this large, poor, struggling honest family is told in detail —one of the most engaging memories of childhood ever penned. Eduard was weak physically, but precocious mentally, and he quickly observed the political developments occurring at the time. One particularly delightful chapter is of a cabaret he attended, where a popular singer used, with great ingenuity, to introduce all kinds of political allusions and yet evade the censorship. The first impressions of the theatre, too, are charmingly written, with almost a Charles Lamb-like quality about them. Less idyllic is the writer's account of his introduction to the sordid side of life, and his candid account of the way in which the reality of vice was first thrust upon his mind has useful material for the psychologist. Since the volume ends with Herr Bernstein's conversion to Socialism, there is obviously little directly interesting to the political student, but those to whom an artless story, carefully chosen first-hand impressions, and a most *simpatico* personality appeal, will not regret this. The continuation of the narrative will be looked forward to with interest.

Marco Polo in Fiction

ZWEI WELTEN: EIN MARCO POLO ROMAN. (Two Worlds, a Marco Polo Novel). By EGMONT COLERUS. Vienna: Paul Zsolnay Verlag. 1926.

MARCO POLO, if we are not mistaken, has not been chosen before as a hero of fiction. Any attempt of this kind must inevitably challenge comparison with his own wonderful record, and it is not enough for a novelist to make his work a mere rehash of the great explorer's own story. It is this motive, no doubt, which determined Herr Colerus at the outset to draw up a dramatic plan, in which emphasis should be paid, all the way through, on aspects of Marco Polo's personality. Here he had little material and a strict comparison with the records would show that he has forced the dramatic note, subordinated an account of adventures to the study of a psychological problem. One need not, however, complain of this or allow it to disturb our enjoyment of a work which, although planned on a large scale, is on the whole very readable and, considered as a compression of a great quantity of material, deserves the name of a *tour de force*.

The opening chapter brings before us one of those masques or pageants which were held in Venice after Marco Polo's death, in which the explorer was represented by an actor under the name of Marco Millioni and given a string of tall travellers' tales to recount to the mob. After this prologue we are introduced to the hero himself, a boy, awaiting the return of his father Nicolo and his uncle from their travels. He falls in love with Francesca, and later excites the passion of the beautiful Greek girl Melissa. But the world of sentiment and passion is not for him. As Melissa foretells, he is destined to the world of action, and a little later he sets off with his father and uncle on the great journey to the Khan of Khans. The story of his travels, his arrival, his service within the great Kublai and all the exciting adventures to which it leads is based on Marco Polo's own narrative, but it is all overshadowed by his preoccupation with questions of passionate love. By a dramatic parallel with what had occurred in Venice the novelist brings out the explorer's love for Li-Ping-Erch, and the passion of Yu for him. But both amorous adventures lead to frustration. The traveller would willingly settle down with Li-Ping-Erch, but at the command of her brother she rejects him, and he goes forth on further adventures, leaving a child to worship his name on the ancestral tablets.

The remained of his travels and adventures, his journey to Persia with the beautiful Kogatin, destined to be the wife of the Persian Khan, his return to Venice, his part in the naval battel of Curzola and subsequent imprisonment—these are all compressed into comparatively few pages. And at the end, in an epilogue, the novelist has completed his dramatic handling of his material by confronting Marco Polo with Dante, then in exile. The poet represents the world of the spirit, of love and passion, Marco the world of action, and it is, as Dante shows in a long philosophical passage, given to no man to encompass both worlds. The novel has resolved itself into a tragedy of the man of action, a kind of inverted "Hamlet."

Foreign Notes

HENRY de MONTHERLANT, toreador as well as novelist, has written in "Les Bestiares" (Paris: Grasset), a story of which the bull rather than its opponent is hero, a story full of action, and blood, and yet flooded with charm. The romance of the book lies not in its love interest but in its dashing descriptions of bull-fighting which for all their goriness are shot through with love for the bull that is slain, and in its portrayal of a gay and chivalrous Spain. Despite its theme "Les Bestiares" is a poetic book.

In his "Der Junge Schiller und das Geistige Ringen Seiner Zeit" (Hall a. Saale: Buchhandlund des Waisenhauses), Wilhelm Iffert traces the career of the youthful Schiller, the influences that moulded it, and the idealistic philosophy apparent in his early work. Incidentally he introduces discussion of the philosophy and religion of eighteenth century Germany and their influence upon poetry.

The latest publication in the series of the Prestel Society of Frankfort, "Zeichungen Alter Meister im Landesmuseum zu Braunschweig" (Prestel) reproduces drawings of the Netherlands Schools of the seventeenth century in the print room of the Landesmuseum of Brunswick. This latest volume lives up to the high standard set by its predecessors.

Spurr & Swift of London have in preparation a reissue in ten volumes of the "Letters of the Marchioness de Sévigné," with a new introductory essay by Mme. Duclaux. The reprint, which will be issued in a limited edition, is from the rare Dublin edition of 1762.

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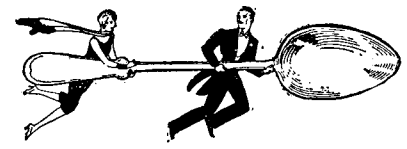

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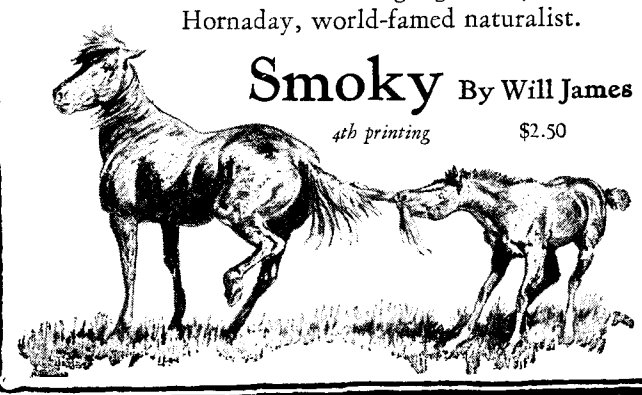

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

THE ETCHINGS OF FRANK BRANGWYN, R. A. A Catalogue Raisonné by W. GAUNT. London: The Studio, Limited. 1926.

There has been a notable increase of monographs on individual living artists, such as the series, "Modern Masters of Etching," published by the *Studio*. When the monograph takes the form of a catalogue of the work on an artist who is still producing, it naturally means that in time there will be another catalogue or at least a supplement.

That is the case with Brangwyn. For twenty-six years he has been turning at times to etching, and has now 336 plates to his credit. The first catalogue of his work was issued in 1908, the second in 1912, and the present one lists all his plates to date, with a reproduction of each subject. At the end of the book there is a list of his etchings in public collections, and an imposing bibliography. The book is naturally indispensable to any public or private collection of Brangwyn's prints.

Biography

MODERN GREAT AMERICANS. By FREDERICK H. LAW. Century. 1926. $2.

A series of twenty conventional, laudatory, "human-interest" biographical notes which tell the stories of "men who made their way in the world, developing their particular geniuses to the benefit of all humanity." Among the men treated are Bell, Edison, the Wrights, Millikan, Michelson, Mark Twain, Henry van Dyke, John Burroughs, Roosevelt, Wilson, Root, Goethals, Sargent, Peary, Pershing, and Carnegie. Most of the sketches are accompanied by photographic portraits. Because of the facts it records this is a useful reference book; its style is easy enough to make it of mild interest to the general reader.

THE WORLD THAT WAS. By JOHN G. BOWMAN. Macmillan. 1926. $1.50.

Mr. Bowman has written an unusual little book. It is small, and it is upon a theme in itself not at all unusual today—being memories of his own childhood. But he has managed to endow it with a quality of real individuality and—in the first chapters preëminently—he has a real achievement. Many a book of memories looks back, an adult recalling external events. But Mr. Bowman's paragraphs are almost weirdly the child himself, his mind never empty of pictures, absorbed in his own built-up world, remote from the familiar adult interests which press in futile insistency upon him. We are jogged into fresh realization of just how distant and self-sufficient that world and those imaginings are in this type of child. The routine activities of life are to him a humdrum impinging interruption from which the nearest approach to an escape is to pay as little attention as possible.

There is an illuminating glimpse also of a father who understands—or nearly understands; and who gropes with gentleness and affection across the slender bridge between the child and the life about him, thus avoiding instead of creating antagonism. The scant eighty pages of the book, with no pretense of anything beyond simple outlines, contain a great deal of charm.

Fiction

YOUNG FOLK, OLD FOLK. By CONSTANCE TRAVERS SWEATMAN. Morrow. 1926. $2.

This is another "novel of the younger set" in which there is a certain amount of conscientious but rather uninspired characterization. It is distinguished from the steady flood of similar novels largely by the fact that it tries to be fair to the parents. There is a certain superficial vividness in the picture of St. Paul society which the author presents, but it is two-dimensional writing. It has no depth.

The story centers around two sisters, Max, aged twenty-two, and Jerry, aged sixteen. It describes their somewhat hectic relations with their parents, the latter being old fashioned enough to think that girls should come home before sunrise and should stay away from road houses. Max, beautiful, lazy, and self-indulgent, becomes embroiled in a secret marriage and refuses to live with her impecunious but adoring husband because she cannot face the thought of even temporary poverty. Instead she lives with her family and spends much of her time being righteously impertinent to her father. Jerry is a scatter-brained little dare-devil who has to be taught that society will speak ill of her and will even ostracize her if she disregards appearance, no matter how great her fundamental innocence. She does things like posing in a skin-tight bathing suit for an advertising poster and going for an automobile ride in silk pajamas and is stunned when people misinterpret her actions.

This is an honestly written novel that would have attracted some attention had it appeared before the jazz age had received such a deluge of publicity. Now it seems rather tepid.

THE VICARION. By GARDNER HUNTING. Kansas City: Unity. 1926. $2.

As a thriller pure and simple "The Vicarion" rivals the most gruesome detective story. It stands head and shoulders above all of its contemporary competitors in the field of mechanical adventure stories. Even H. G. Wells seems a piker at projecting himself into the future when his conceptions are compared with some of those of the un-heralded Mr. Hunting. The framework of the story is simple. Mr. Hunting makes use of the often-exploited theory, formerly connected with fourth-dimensional conceptions, that all of the past is concretely in existence—if one can get hold on it. He postulates that the ether receives and records an actual impression of

(*Continued on next page*)

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The American Review of Reviews says: "Noel Forrest's 'Ways of Escape' might be considered the *coup* of the season. It is a first novel which has already achieved discussion. The finely depicted Stephen Heath is likely to become a classic example of the self-centered, tyrannical parent."

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E. F. Edgett in the Boston Transcript says: "No disappointment awaits the reader of 'Harvey Garrard's Crime.' It is one of Mr. Oppenheim's best books." *Second large printing.* $2.00

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McKenna at his best. *The New York Times* calls it "A great political novel. Fascinating, unique and refreshing." *Second large printing.* $2.50

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An interesting novel by the wife of A. Hamilton Gibbs. *Inez Haynes Irwin* says: "It is an astonishing book indeed for a first novel." *Second printing.* $2.00

LABELS *A Novel* By A. HAMILTON GIBBS

In this dramatic new novel the brilliant young author of "Soundings" (the best selling novel of 1925) has written the story of two brothers and a sister—one of the brothers a conscientious objector and the other a winner of the D.S.O.—struggling to adjust themselves to post-War conditions.

The Brooklyn Eagle says: "With one stroke Major Gibbs breaks up the literary corner on the War market. . . His viewpoint is original, and a welcome change."

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

every physical event; his hero constructs a machine by means of which he catches the "wave lengths" of past events which, he discovers, are held together by a unity of action. This machine projects upon a screen any event of the past so realistically that not only do things look and sound as if they were real, but the very odors that were originally present are reproduced. It is not illusion, but reincarnated reality.

And there is no limit to the range of subjects which may be called back. Balboa, Charlotte Corday in Marat's bathroom, Rizzio on Queen Mary's back stairs, Raphael at work in the Sistine Chapel, Peter the Hermit starting for Palestine, the inside story of Cabinet meetings and of financial deals, the real story of divorces and of Hollywood scandals, the private lives of reformers—nothing is safe from revelation.

The world absolutely loses its head over this invention; people stop doing things, they stop living actively and live vicariously through Brainard's machine—hence its name, "The Vivarion." And Brainard, formerly an unassuming and easy-going inventor, finds himself in complete control of the world. A dozen people a day try to kill him, but they are powerless. He can make anyone do anything he wants. The power goes to his head and he becomes an obsessed and devilish tyrant.

It is a gorgeous thriller with a thousand unexpected complications. The author works up his dramatic suspense with all the craftiness of an old hand. If one wants to complain that certain passages are too long-drawn-out, it is merely that the suspense is such that one can't wait to hear what is going to happen next.

CARTERET'S CURE. By RICHARD KEVERNE. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $2.

For its first hundred and fifty pages this book is a mildly interesting romance in which a brilliant London barrister who is suffering from a nervous breakdown tries to save a beautiful girl of good family who is attempting to save her impoverished family by helping to smuggle silk into England. The last half of the book develops into a rip roaring detective story in which everyone suspects everyone else and the cruel and evil master-mind almost wins out. It is worth skipping hastily through the first part of the book to indulge in the tense excitement of the last hundred pages.

BISON OF CLAY. By MAX BEGOUEN. Translated by ROBERT LUTHER DUFFUS. Longmans, Green. 1926. $2.

Following along an underground passage in the limestone cliffs of Argiège, in southern France, Max Begouen, a young French archæologist, discovered a cave that had remained undisturbed since it was abandoned by the Magdelenians of the Cro-Magnon period, 25,000 years ago. There he found drawings of fish, bears, lions, bison, mammoths, and gods, as well as bone ornaments, spears, arrows, and harpoons which had been left behind by the original inhabitants. He also found two bison modelled in clay, the first examples ever unearthed of prehistoric cave sculpture. From these bison, found in as fresh condition as when they left the hands of the primitive sculptors, Mr. Begouen's novel takes its name.

It is a vivid, colorful novel of the life of the cave man in which the author has subordinated minute archæological accuracy to the demands of the narrative. The story of the Lynx and the Amazon chief, Spring-on-the-Prairie, is related with a simple realism that neither condones nor accentuates the superstition and cruelty of these pre-historic savages. The book is written with restraint and humor and possesses a definite literary quality quite admirably maintained in Mr. Duffus's translation. Although many of the details cited by Mr. Begouen are evidently borrowed from the known facts about the American Indian, he succeeds quite well in giving us a feeling of the strangeness of the atmosphere that surrounded our pre-historic ancestors.

CONFESSION. By COSMO HAMILTON. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $2.

This is a good old "high life" story in which are mentioned lots of titles, fashionable restaurants, watering places, etc. When Mr. Monalty had kept his factories running, despite the efforts of the labor unions, long enough so that half a dozen millions were no longer an important sum to him, his wife went to a beauty specialist and had twenty years and thirty pounds taken off her figure. She then stormed, almost unopposed, the citadels of society. As a result Molly was engaged to marry the eleventh Earl of Risborough who happened,

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at the moment, to be financially embarrassed. Molly was foolish enough to be in love with the Earl and so she took it to heart when, upon their return to England, her husband neglected her. Mr. Hamilton uses admirable restraint in unfolding the sad story of her matrimonial unhappiness. And, of course, in the end Jack does get to love her.

Juvenile

THE TATTOOED MAN. By HOWARD PEASE. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $2.

An excellent juvenile mystery-adventure story about life upon a small freighter, in which the cook suddenly assumes authority and is obeyed by all hands, including the captain, and the cabin-boy seeks the reason for his brother's mysterious disappearance.

LITTLE SALLY WATERS. By ETHEL CALVERT PHILLIPS. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $1.75

Two little girls at the seashore; long days of play on a sandy beach; toy boats and mysteriously lost dolls; numerous adventures with Tip and Puff, the dog and cat,—these are the ingredients of this story for very little girls. Everything is simple and everyday about it, and while there is nothing to recommend it from an imagainative standpoint, there is also no doubt children who have spent summers at the seashore or who expect to spend any there will take to it. To an older reader the effort at simple words and brief sentences is rather marked. After all, if there is enough story, children will read more difficult words and grow accustomed to something more stimulating. Nevertheless it is a pleasant little book and attractively illustrated.

LETTERS FROM UNCLE HENRY. By HENRY B. MASON. Stokes. 1926. $2.

For very young readers, these decidedly informal letters with line drawings by the author of himself and his dog, his friends and his various simple adventures, will doubtless make much the same appeal as the "Uncle Wiggley" stories already released to radio audiences at the bedtime hour. "Uncle Henry" writes simply of simple things and does not try to be funny. This is a great relief after so many would-be humorous books for youngsters, and the result is that there is a pleasant, friendly quality to the book though it can hardly be called original or imaginative. It is attractively made, with big print and plenty of pictures by "Uncle Henry," who fortunately doesn't try to be an artist either, and a gay jacket design by Marjorie Hartwell.

FIFTY COUNTRY RHYMES FOR CHILDREN. By E. L. M. KING. Appleton. 1926. $1.

Readers of the Joy Street volumes for children are already familiar with the pleasant verses of E. L. M. King and will read this small collection of Country Rhymes with enjoyment. They are simple and natural, following frankly in "A Child's Garden of Verses" tradition, and full of delight in the color and movement of young days in a beloved English countryside. Happily there is never any effort to "write down" to young readers. The author writes to please himself first of all, and this is as it should be. We liked the one called "Hope" particularly:—

Wolf has turned to house-dog,
Tiger-cat to kitty,
Timid horse to charger,
Or drayhorse in the city;
Stones are raised to steeples,
Iron floats at sea,
Cannibals grow Christians—
There's hope for you and me!

Of course if one begins comparing these verses with the fragile nonsense and wild beauty of Walter de la Mare's child verse, or with the music and spirited gaiety of Eleanor Farjeon's, Mr. King's poems do not quite measure up to highest standard, but they are fresh, and simple, full of friendly chuckles and the beauty of a child's own particular world.

JOAN MORSE. By ELIZA ORNE WHITE. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $1.75.

Designed for girls from five to ten, this tale is readable as any one of Eliza Orne White's books is sure to be, but it is not one of her best. It is too level in tone and too slow in action. Joan, eight years old, who lives with her grandmother, goes through a series of small adventures none of which has any particular zest. Compare the story with Dorothy Fisher's "Understood Betsy" and note the difference. Things exciting and romantic happened every minute to that little girl although she lived on a remote farm!

The maid on the left was drawn by Charles Dana Gibson in 1896 in the heyday of tiddlewinks, casino, Little Lord Fauntleroy, "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-aye!", Star Bikes, "Hold your horses!" Trilby, Lottie Collins, John L. and Maud S.

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The girl on the right was drawn by John Held, Jr., in 1926 . . . a hectic age of gin, jazz, petting, Hollywood, traffic jams, "Banana Oil", Sheiks, Doug and Mary, "So's your old man", and Henry Ford.

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DERIC IN MESA VERDE. By DERIC NUSBAUM. Putnam. 1926. $1.75.

While David Binney Putnam has been voyaging and writing of his sea-going adventures with the Beebe Expedition and the more recent one to the Artic, a contemporary of his has been busy exploring by land, and also writing a book about his adventures on the great Mesa Verde of Colorado, and the ancient ruins of the cave-dwellers there. Deric's father is not only Superintendent of the Mesa Verde National Park, but an archæologist, and from him the young author is acquiring an enthusiasm for the same career. His mother also is in sympathy with all his doings, and sketches from her pen help to illustrate the account of her son's explorations and discoveries on the Mesa; his stories of the Indians and their folk-lore; his trips on horseback and on foot, and his encounters with wild birds and beasts.

The book itself is remarkably well-balanced for the work of a thirteen-year-old author. Practically, and with great clearness, and vigor, the boy tells of his adventures, and explains much that he has been told by scientists of the habits of the early cave dwelling Indians of that region. He shows an excellent grasp of his subject, and is not tempted to wander too far afield in his accounts. Just at first the writing seems a bit self-conscious, as if the boy were making rather too great an effort to be an author, but once the introductory chapters are over, he swings into his descriptions, and recounts his doings with ease and spirit. At times one wishes for a little larger vocabulary, and there are plenty of such expressions as "I made a peach of a find"; it was "a cute bowl" and others which come most easily from the lips of a sturdy American boy today. Twice Deric uses the dream idea in describing the past life of the Indians. We think it would have been better for him to keep the whole thing a simple and natural account of his own actual adventures and experiences, but of course in this we may be wrong, and the over-worked dream-technique may be just the thing to delight other youngsters for whom Deric is writing his book. What we liked best of all about it is his way of linking the Past of the Mesa with its Present. The reader slips from one to another as easily as the boy did in his happy rambles.

Altogether Deric's book is as direct and friendly as his own merry face in the many photographs which show him in that fascinating country.

DEAR MOTHER MAKE-BELIEVE. By MABEL CLELAND WIDDEMER. Harcourt, Brace. 1926. $1.75.

JOHN AND SUZANNE. By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE. Century. 1926. $1.75.

Is it a season of orphan stories or is the subject so perennially popular that every year has its crop? The latter is probably true. Here are two, at any rate, sufficiently different in tone and age-appeal either to reach separate audiences or to make different impressions on the same audience. In both, the orphans are of course transported to happy adopting homes: in "John and Suzanne" because they blindly ran away and were led by providence to a kindly doorstep; in "Dear Mother Make-Believe" because it was the custom on Visitor's Day for inspecting ladies magically to transform two lives by selecting a chosen one then and there for later adoption. This book, as the title would indicate, is not free from the sentimentality that lies in wait for all orphan tales, and in much of the plot, too, it is over-familiar—in ways, however, which it must be admitted never wear out. But the story is lively and sustained, and it will stand as a good tale for a young reader of ten to fourteen. Its illustrator, however, should visit a few institutions before she draws her inmates with such up-to-date waved and shapely coiffures.

The other book, "John and Suzanne," is about a younger pair of orphans, a brother and sister. They are not "chosen;" they set their story in motion by running away from a routine of dull suppression which may have been necessary to this story but which we trust is being rendered obsolete in most institutions by modern methods today. Be that as it may, once past that part of the story this book goes much farther than the other in the way of humor, penetration, and human interest. There is a delightful study of a family who give the right emphasis to the right things with the right amount of humor and understanding on the part of everyone—and especially the mother. There is plenty of plot, and the runaways of course, having found a family that knows naturally the ways of expansion, make themselves after various adventures far too indispensable to be spared. So, as in the other story, a happy outcome is assured.

THE ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY T. BEAR. By MARGARET J. MCELROY. Illustrated by James Daugherty. Dutton. 1926. $1.50.

This is a lively and original episode about a runaway Teddy bear who grows bored and disgusted with life in a toy shop among mama dolls. His efforts to better his new home in the gingerbread house by making a noseless gumdrop cook and a candy gardener whose legs are bananas, will be greatly appreciated. The old man whom he ejects and the old woman with the red silk umbrella who tries to put him in her toy shop, are notable figures. Even a grown person gets a good laugh out of "Johnny" and the colored caricatures of his adventures.

THE BOYS' BOOK OF HUNTING AND FISHING. By WARREN H. MILLER. Foreword by Dan Beard. Appleton. 1926. $2.50.

Everything a boy sportsman needs to know is in this volume, which first appeared in 1916, and which Mr. Miller reissues in its original form, "for the sports of hunting and fishing and camping out are timeless and conservative." It covers angling with hook and fly; the choice of a gun; the best methods of duck-shooting; trapping; and of course full instruction upon camping and woodcraft. The book is written not for the rich man's son, but for the lad with a lean pocketbook. Every line of it is practical, having been tested by the author's own instruction of his son. It is a treatise from which elders as well as youngsters can learn a great deal.

GORDON. By SARA CONE BRYANT. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $1.

For very little children, this is a pleasant reader somewhat innocuous in character, but redeemed from utter monotony by one or two stories like "The Jackal and the Lion," "Little Tavwots," and a number of amusing illustrations. Few writers for children, even the most experienced, can compile a reader of any snap or originality. But after all children like small details mulled over and over.

THE BOYS' LIFE OF BARNUM. By HARVEY W. ROOT. Harpers. 1926. $1.75.

The great showman, Barnum, is not a hero to be held up before aspiring youth for undiscriminating admiration; and at first sight there seems something incongruous in including him in the admirable series which now contains juvenile biographies of Grant, Mark Twain, Edison, Roosevelt, and Cleveland. But every boy loves a circus. Youngsters who find Cleveland and Mark Twain a little tame will delight in Barnum's climb up the ladder of fortune—in the story of Jenny Lind, of Tom Thumb and his diminutive wife, Jumbo and his untoward fate, of the white whales which were kept in monster tanks and which persisted in dying, and of the minor exhibits. After all, Barnum's chief offences were against taste merely. Mr. Root is inclined to acquit him of wilful deception in the case of Joyce Meth, the supposed nurse of George Washington who was advertised to be of enormous age. The author emphasizes Barnum's devotion to morality, and in general lets the light fall upon his virtues to the exclusion of his defects. Certainly the showman's career teaches many lessons of enterprise and ingenuity. There is not a dull page in the volume, and in learning all about "The Greatest Show on Earth" youthful readers will learn a good deal about American social history of the time. They will thrill to the heroism with which Barnum, when ruined by his careless support of the Bridgeport clock factory, set to work to pay all his debts and build a new fortune; and they will appreciate the color and the humor of that whole astonishing career. Mr. Root has not merely told his story well, but has drawn an excellent portrait of the eccentric, indomitable, publicity-loving showman.

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF CELEBRATED TOWERS. By LORINDA M. BRYANT. Century. 1926. $2.50.

With an increasingly large number of children being taken abroad every year, books like this are sure to be published in the hope that teachers and parents will give them to future small travelers, or lately returned ones. The idea is an excellent one and we have thought for some time that there was a real need for a good juvenile European Guide Book. But it should be simply, vivid, and not too blatantly educational. This one about towers fairly reeks of the schoolroom and has far too many generalities and statements of historical facts to be very popular with young readers themselves unless they happen to be needing information for a composition or geographical essay. We wished the author had told more amusing and human facts about some

(*Continued on page* 304)

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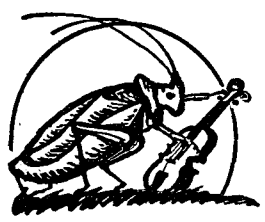

The cuts in this column are by Elizabeth MacKinstry, from "ELIZA AND THE ELVES", *by Rachel Field.*

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The New Books

Juvenile

(*Continued from page* 302)

of the towers, in cases where famous historical characters are specially connected with them. The photographs which accompany the text, are excellent in many cases and such fascinating material ought to have produced something more attractive.

THE BOOK OF PIONEERS. By EVERETT T. TOMLINSON. Appleton. 1926. $1.75.

DAYS OF THE BUILDERS. By L. LAMPREY. Stokes. 1926. $2.50.

Mr. Tomlinson's popularizations of American history for young people have two merits; they are written in careful and vivid English, and they go to fresh sources for unhackneyed topics. This volume does not deal with Daniel Boone, Capt. Crawford, Kit Carson, and the other familiar figures. Instead, the author has drawn upon the pioneer histories of Massachusetts, New York, Ohio, and other States for material illustrating the adventures, the exploits, the superstitions, weaknesses, and humors of backwoods life. There is a chapter of stories about wolves and panthers, another about fishing achievements, one upon the pioneer boatmen of Western rivers, and even one upon pioneer nicknames. Among the men to whom a good deal of space is devoted are the Georgia pioneers Bull and Oglethorpe, and Kentuckian, James Smith, who was adopted into an Indian tribe, and Capt. Samuel Brady of western Pennsylvania. The whole book is carefully and interestingly written. It is a work that any youth, and not a few older people, can read with profit. Mr. Tomlinson goes no farther west than Arkansas, and comes down no nearer our own time than 1830 or 1840; there is room for a second volume treating the trans-Mississippi West.

Miss Lamprey has here completed a six volume sketch of American history from 1492 to the present day. For good or ill—we rather think for the worse, but many youngsters would differ—she has embodied her material in semi-fictional chapters. The World War and Pershing's share in it are given a prominent place. Among the other subjects treated in this concluding volume of her series are Edison and his phonograph. Henry Ford and the development of the cheap automobile, Walter Reed's discovery of the source of yellow fever, Peary's discovery of the pole, the Boxer rebellion, and the Klondike gold-rush. It is a varied array that she presents, and though it can make no claim, as Mr. Tomlinson's book can, to originality, it should hold the attention of adolescents.

Miscellaneous

THE CHICAGO PRIMARY OF 1926. By *Carroll Hill Woddy.* University of Chicago Press.

THE ODYSSEY OF BORU. By *J. Allan Dunn.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

MY FRIEND THE DOG. By *Albert Payson Terhune.* Harpers. $3.

MAKING THE MOST OF YOUR LOOKS. By *Dorothy Stote.* Brentanos. $2.

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COLLECTOR'S LUCK IN ENGLAND. By *Alice Van Leer Carrick.* Little, Brown. $3 net.

THE LITTLE KITCHEN GARDEN. By *Dorothy Giles.* Little, Brown. $1.75 net.

STYLE-BOOK. By *C. O. Sylvester Mawson.* Crowell. $1.50 net.

SHIPS AND CARGOES. By *Joseph Leeming.* Doubleday, Page. $2.50 net.

SHIPS AND PEOPLE. By *J. C. M. Beaumont.* Stokes. $5.

EARLY AMERICAN POTTERY AND CHINA. By *John Spargo.* Century. $4.

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COLLECTED POEMS. By *James Stephens.* Macmillan. $3.

SONGS OF ADVENTURE. By *Robert Frothingham.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.

SEA AND SUSSEX. By *Rudyard Kipling.* Illustrated by Donald Maxwell. Doubleday, Page.

A BOOK OF TEXAS VERSE. Austin: Texas Book Store.

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BEST SERMONS, 1926. Edited by *Joseph Fort Newton.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.50 each

Science

ABSTRACTS OF THESES. Science Series. Vol. II. University of Chicago Press.

THE NEW NATURAL HISTORY. By *J. Arthur Thomson.* Vol. III. Putnam.

FATALISM OR FREEDOM. By *C. Judson Herrick.* Norton.

BEYOND THE MILKY WAY. By *George Ellery Hale.* Scribners. $1.50.

THE ANATOMY OF SCIENCE. By *Gilbert Newton Lewis.* Yale University Press. $3.

THEORETICAL BIOLOGY. By *J. Von Nexkull.* Harcourt, Brace.

Travel

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A STATELY SOUTHERNER. By *Rex Clements.* Houghton Mifflin.

A NOVELIST'S TOUR OF THE WORLD. By *Vicente Blasco Ibañez.* Dutton. $6.

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TERRY'S GUIDE TO CUBA. By *T. Philip Terry.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

THE SEVEN CITIES OF CIBOLA. By *Aileen Nusbaum.* Putnam.

A WAYFARER ON THE LOIRE. By *E. I. Robson.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.

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A WAYFARER IN SWITZERLAND. By *James F. Muirhead.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.

THE GREAT ISLAND. By *Don C. Seitz.* Century. $3.

SAILING ACROSS EUROPE. By *Negley Farson.* Century. $3.50.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

PREFACE TO A LIFE. By *Zona Gale.* (Appleton.)

MY LIFE AND TIMES. By *Jerome K. Jerome.* (Harpers.)

WINDS OF DOCTRINE. By *George Santayana.* (Scribners.)

G. M. C., Lexington, Ky., asks for a list of books suitable for a pre-school child, one of which is to be the subject of a review to be given to a study-club. S. K., Long Island, asks for advice in outfitting with reading matter two small children.

IT is not because my copy was late that this reply did not appear last week. From what I know about Children's Week I had an idea that if juvenile literature appeared in my column, that number of the *Saturday Review* might reach a state of super-saturation. From now until the holidays questions on the choice of books for children will be coming with increasing frequency, and at least one a week will be attended to in print. Not to repeat too much, old favorites will be taken for granted; the body of children's literature grows slowly, but it does take in a few books every year, and one of the duties of this column is to suggest, from the season's offerings, some worth at least consideration. So let us first run through the nursery indispensables without comment: the Caldecott and Greenaway picture-books, Beatrix Potter's "Peter Rabbit" books as far as you wish to follow them, Helen Bannerman's "Little Black Sambo," Lear's "Nonsense" books, Lefevre's "The Cock, the Mouse and the Little Red Hen," with Tony Sarg's pictures, and a good solid Mother Goose, Jessie Willcox Smith's if you can go to $5, or the Kate Greenaway one, and to meet awakening interest in live animals, E. B. Smith's "Chicken World" (Putnam) and "The Country Book" (Stokes), with large colored pictures of farm life, and the bears and such in E. W. Deming's "American Animal Life" (Stokes). As for poetry, the "Child's Garden" and "When We Were Very Young" start one off nicely.

There can be no doubt, now that "Winnie-the-Pooh," by A. A. Milne, has come from the press of Dutton, that this is the book to be starred for the special review. It is the child's book of the season that seems certain to stay. When the real Christopher Robin is a little old man children will find him waiting for them in a pinafore with Pooh, halfway down the stairs of this book, just as the same Mr. Shepard's picture placed him pensive upon the same spot in "When We Were Very Young." A child old enough to listen to anything will happily listen to these stories, and I read them to myself straight through with complete satisfaction. Were it not for Winnie I would have chosen for first place this year "The Tale of the Good Cat Jupie," by Neely McCoy (Macmillan), in its own way a perfect work. A foreword by no less an authority than James Stephens explains what makes a book fit for little children, but the story itself takes hold the moment Jupie appears—a portly black-and-white cat who owns a little house and asks in a little girl to help with the housework. Mr. Stephens says that "once the situation which she has contrived has been accepted, everything moves properly and prettily as it should," and no one experienced in cats mistrusts the situation. I have just had a London letter from the distinguished owner of Emma, a Siamese cat whose family is distributed in the homes of Stanley Baldwin, Rudyard Kipling, and the Sassoons in India, and one of whose children is like Dick Swiveller's heiress, "now saving up for me." "Emma's Socialism," says he, "is not very firmly rooted, for she flies at any other person who dares cross her door. I verily believe she looks on me as her tenant." Well, this admirable Jupie has a real tenant and all is well. "The Adventures of Johnny T. Bear," by Margaret McElroy (Dutton), is an uncommonly good toy story; the plush pet is more enterprising and less lovable than Pooh and the pictures are rollicking. Any little child will listen entranced to "The Velveteen Rabbit" (Doran), of which there is this year a new and cheaper edition, but it is the person who reads out Mrs. Bianco's little classic who will get the most out of it—at least I tremble for the child whose parent would be unmoved at the supreme moment, when in Mr. Nicholson's ecstatic picture, "At Last!", the dear creature comes alive. Mrs. Bianco's "Poor Cecco" (Doran), is about a jointed wooden dog who sees the world: like the other it may be read aloud until the child insensibly slips into reading for himself. The "Pudding Lane" stories of Sarah Addington (Little, Brown), in which Mother Goose characters have further adventures, have gathered a genuine popularity among little children. The first was "The Boy Who Lived in Pudding Lane" (Little, Brown), a spirited tale making evidence for such parents as still encourage the Santa Claus legend, and there have been three continuations, of which the present "Pudding Lane People" is up to standard and sure of an audience. As for the Twin books of Lucy Fitch Perkins (Houghton Mifflin), from the "Dutch Twins" all over the globe they have been taken into the cosmos of thousands of little people. I like the "Little Lucia" books by Mabel Robinson (Dutton), for pre-school reading, especially by the timid, for whom all thorns must be extracted. This type of child must be led gently toward looking life in the face, and the pleasant tales are a good beginning. It looks as if this fourth one completes the set, for she says on the last page "I'm not little Lucia any more. I am Lucia now." Clearly this is no comic-strip child.

"Eliza and the Elves," by Rachel Field (Macmillan), is a set of brief reports from fairyland, natural as life, spaced by verses and enlivened by intensely spirited pictures in colors by Elizabeth McKinstry. I scarce dare begin on fairy tales; fortunately someone else has asked if this department of nursery literature is being enlarged and I reply next week, but as many families begin to collect picture-books illustrated by Kay Neilsen as soon as the trained nurse is out of the house, they should learn that this year's volume, "Hansel and Gretel" with other Grimm tales (Doran), is sumptuously bound, printed in fine big type, and has besides the extraordinary fantasies in color to which this genius has accustomed us, a number of page woodcuts of distinction. I do not know how early in life one begins to take interest in Dr. Dolittle, but there is a new one in this collection, "Dr. Dolittle's Caravan" (Stokes), whose title is all that is needed to make myriads of young Loftingites call for it.

M. S. R., Peake's Island, Me., asks for books suitable for review by a club of young mothers.

"ELEMENTS of Child Training," by R. J. Gale (Holt), is a conservative, sympathetic manual for parents who do not pin their faith to Freud; it includes dietetic and disciplinary hints, and has a good bibliography of standard works of this type. "Understanding Our Children," by Frederick Pierce (Dutton), begins before birth and introduces the child to his parents through instincts and emotions, from which point the process of character-development is to begin: the author is well-known for a book on "Mobilizing the Mid-Brain" (Dutton), and other studies in mind-training. "The Problems of Childhood," by Angelo Patri (Appleton), is a volume of short and intensely practical sketches of actual children as they get into trouble at school or in the home; like everything this inspired educator writes, it is full of valuable matter for any parent or guardian. Mr. Patri writes the introduction to John Crawley's "Reveries of a Father" (Appleton), a sincere and moving record of a father's experience with two motherless little girls. "The Gang Age," by Paul Hanly Furfey (Macmillan), goes over the psychology concerned in this aspect of preadolescence, and suggests further study of famous authorities. "Childhood's Fears," by G. F. Morton (Macmillan), is a careful and conservative study of the use of psychoalytical methods in a field where their usefulness has been often proved. It seems to me excellent for a teacher's reading. Two new little books would diversify the program: "Pastimes for Sick Children," by Mary and Hope Whitten (Appleton), in which there is any number of easily arranged plays, toys, feasts and other alleviations of illness, and "The Mother's Cook Book" (Appleton), by Bourjaily and Gorman, which would some years ago have saved me much good grey matter, worn out in catering for a small but priceless young family.

JOHN DAY

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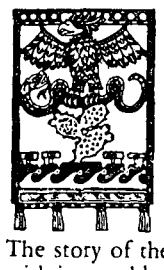

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"THE SATURDAY REVIEWERS"

SO many questions have been asked as to the function of The Saturday Reviewers that we reprint here part of last week's "Announcement." The Saturday Reviewers will review exclusively for *The Saturday Review*, they will help by their advice and critical activity in the task of discrimination, they will themselves contribute largely, but they will be an addition to, not a substitution for, *The Saturday Review's* long list of specialists and special writers. They will help regulate where the traffic is heaviest.

"It would be easy to draw from the files of *The Saturday Review* a list of names well-loved for their contributions, and say, these are our reviewers. They *are* our special staff of celebrities, but since their profession is to be distinguished in story-telling, verse, or history they can usually be critics only on occasion. The sweat and labor of the day, the task of routine sorting, appraising, discriminating is not for them; they cannot review often, as a professional critic should.

"*The Saturday Review* hopes always to boast of its celebrities, but it still more strongly desires to avoid that morass of mediocrity into which general reviewing has so often fallen, a dismal swamp of stale, perfunctory opinion from inexperienced writers or weary hacks. The Editors have long striven to avert the dreadful penalty which waits upon a situation which provides too many books and too few professional reviewers—they hope with some success. For many months they have been considering a new manœuvre in the never ending war against the powers of dulness, and now have the honor to announce 'The Saturday Reviewers.'

" 'The Saturday Reviewers,' whose reviews will appear exclusively in this journal, are professional critics, long tested in their various fields, and many of them eminent in their own creative work. They share a common ideal of critical excellence, no matter how various may be their personal opinions and how divergent, on occasions, their points of view. They will be not a clique, but a council, an auxiliary council to the editorial staff. By advice, by argument *viva voce*, by discriminating selection, by their own pens, they will help in the delicate task of sorting and estimating the current books. With their aid the Editors hope to make notice in *The Saturday Review* of itself an indication that a book is important enough to be praised or damned, and with their assistance they hope that standards of criticism, which in the confusion of the Age of Advertisement have been too often lost to sight, will be more discernible over the melée."

The list of the Saturday Reviewers has been enriched by four more names:

LEONARD BACON—Satirist, poet, critic.

C. K. OGDEN—Scientist, editor of "The History of Civilization," author of "The Meaning of Psychology."

CHAUNCEY BREWSTER TINKER—Professor of English in Yale, editor of the "Letters of James Boswell," author of "The Young Boswell."

LOUIS UNTERMEYER—Critic of American poetry, anthologist, poet.

Those announced last week were:

HERVEY ALLEN—Critic, biographer, poet.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES—Philosopher, critic of English literature.

ARTHUR COLTON—Novelist, story-writer, librarian, essayist.

MALCOLM DAVIS—Associate Editor of Foreign Affairs. Student of international and industrial relations.

EDWARD DAVISON—Historian of English poetry and *belles lettres.*

LEE WILSON DODD—Dramatist, novelist, essayist.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER—Historian and critic of the Fine Arts.

LLOYD MORRIS—Biographer and critic of fiction.

ALLAN NEVINS—Historian, journalist, critic of fiction.

REXFORD GUY TUGWELL—Economist, author.

Points of View

Spengler Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review.*

SIR:

You will be interested in learning what happened at the Club the other day, when somebody mentioned Spengler. First of all, you should know that ever since a certain famous domestic event in his family, Babbitt has been much interested in Dr. Freud. The profound discussions of psycho-analysis between him and myself have been the wonder and admiration of club members who happened to listen in. What was my amazement when I discovered, a few days ago, that instead of Freud none other than Spengler had become the subject of Babbitt's most concentrated and trenchant thought!

He and I had not discussed the "Downfall of the Occident" for more than ten minutes when not less than four members left the group that was talking about golf and began to listen to Babbitt. Their eyes literally started to pop out from their heads when he said:

"This fellow has found out that it makes all the difference in the world what you think about the way space is built. You've got to arrange all the rest of your ideas accordingly. You know this man Einstein—he tries to make us think space is curved, and according to Spengler the Lord only knows how that might affect our glorious civilization—it might make us all Bolshvists, so we had better look out. Well, the old Greeks first used to think that space came to an end just a little ways above their biggest mountain, Olympus, and also just the other side of the Mediterranean. As long as they believed that, they were really fine fellows—great athletes and all that. And they went in for Art, you know, and Culture and all that sort of thing. After a while some fellows from the Near East made the Greek professors and philosophers say that space was really round—the world was a sort of hollow ball with us inside it. That didn't suit the Greek genius, so most of the people lost interest in culture and began devoting themselves to earning an honest living in a small way, and left Culture to the fellows from the East, Syrians and Jews and Arabs and that kind of people. That's the time when nobody cared about Art and Science, but they invented Arabian Nights' Tales, and King Arthur legends; but they were good church people. That lasted a long time. First, just as before, those Eastern fellows were great on Culture and all that—but by and by they lost interest. Just then, the Nordics—that's us—had a notion that everybody was wrong about space; that it wasn't round, or flat, or anything else but just went on in every direction without ever stopping. So some of our folks began to say that religion and fairy tales is all very well, but the real thing to do is to invent mathematics and science and subdue Nature. First they thought that was just another kind of Culture, just like Art, and Religion, and Fairy Tales; but soon somebody discovered that subduing Nature could be made to pay. That gave us a chance at machinery and railways, and for the first time there is real prosperity in the world. Now that man Spengler is one of those loons who think that Culture is worth more than machines, and because most of us would rather live in a modern house than a Gothic castle, he says we're going to be as bad as the old Greeks and the Syrians when they no longer cared for Culture."

"Guess he's a Bolshevist," one of the members interrupted.

"I don't know," said Babbitt. "But I hope that fellow Einstein with his curvature of space isn't going to bring on a new kind of Culture that's bad for business."

ERNEST BRUNCKEN.

Misprints

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

In your issue of October 23, by a substitution of the word *peace* for pace somebody made unintelligible my praise of Mr. Leonard Bacon's "Animula Vagula." The correction (which I should like your readers to see) should read:

"Mr. Bacon's book is important because its symbols depict that quarrel known to every intelligent and sensitive man who is endeavoring to keep *pace* with the world, that destructive quarrel between the intellectual obverse and and emotional reverse of the human mind which, today, is perhaps more complex than ever before."

EDWARD DAVISON.

Vassar College.

On Being Educated

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

The High Brow Editorial of October 9 puts very forcibly the disheartening situation with regard to the educated American public. The high hopes held by our grandparents of an educated people emerging from free schools have come indeed to a lame issue. Nevertheless the matter is still an unsettled one and has two distinct factors only one of which you have discussed. There are the people themselves and then there is the type of education. You have fastened on the people as demonstrably unworthy of education.

If you will spend, sir, a few mornings in any New York state public school, from the first to the eighth grade, you will see the process of paralyzing ideas, deadening originality, and producing the "echo" type of mind going on in full force.

Listen to the threats, sneers, and scoldings necessary to compel wriggling children to sit still and have pumped into them academic information in which they have no least interest—and indeed are not expected by their teachers to have. Consider the wholly ready-made character of the curriculum, the premium put on docile memorizing, the utter disregard of the body in its crying need for activity on its own account and as a means for testing out academic ideas which the child is acquiring. Hear the quietus put immediately on any digression toward an interesting topic which some still unsubdued child may dare to make. Have a teacher tell you (as I did) that when a child has learned to be thoroughly obedient he is educated. If you have the heart to make such morning visits over a period of years, you will see this method break down the resistance of one child after another until only one or two in fifty who may fortunately possess minds of unusual vigor and versatility escape with a remnant of personality left.

In our locality is a German repair tailor whose wife does his collecting and delivering. Mrs. Miller makes us a brief call occasionally, and in those few minutes leaves me enough of her fresh and emphatic personality to lighten my atmosphere for the week. Mrs. Miller was born and brought up in eastern Germany. Her voice ranges up and down several scales with a proper note for each emotion and with the added charm of her broken English she recounts her own and the public's affairs with opinions whose terseness and independence give one a jolt. Her husband rises with simple dignity at neighborhood meetings in the school auditorium and expresses his reasoned views on questions under discussion, and frequently as not with unhesitating disagreement with the trend the subject is taking. Their daughter of twenty, American born and schooled is stereotyped, commonplace, and dull. What she says is slung forth in a thick unmodulated voice, and appears to be mere words or phrases with no apparent meaning in any of them. The American public schools have handed Eva a gold brick.

I still have hopes for the plain people and believe that a fundamental change in school curriculums and methods would produce people capable of independent reasoning and a measure of discriminating taste.

REBA S. DIRLAM.

Concerning Dogs

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

I am writing a book "Concerning Dogs; Larrie and Some Others" and would be glad of remarkable stories of anybody's dog, showing unusual intelligence. Since I wrote "Concerning Cats" (published in 1900) I have been told something like a thousand times "O, I could have told you some wonderful stories about my cats if you had only come to me!" All right. Here's your chance to tell your dog-story, provided it proves something of his intelligence, devotion, loyalty, and what not; and above all has *not* been printed already, in some other book.

HELEN M. WINSLOW,

Shirley, Massachusetts.

A sixth century version of the story of the Nativity is said to have been discovered by Dr. M. R. James, Prevost of Eton, among the ancient manuscripts of Hereford Cathedral. The new version is believed to be a mediæval translation of a Greek manuscript.

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

THE GLEMBY COLLECTION

EARLY English literature, modern first editions, association copies, and important original manuscripts of Robert Louis Stevenson and other modern authors, collected by Harry Glemby of this city, will be sold at the Anderson Galleries, November 15 and 16. For several years Mr. Glemby has been known to booksellers of London and New York as an enthusiastic buyer of rare books and manuscripts. It is a tribute to his instinctive appreciation that in a comparatively short period he has brought together a collection which includes such unusual treasures as six presentation copies of the first editions of Lewis Carroll, with inscriptions to Canon Duckworth, his friend and companion on the memorable boating trip which gave "Alice" to the world; the superb series of first editions of Joseph Conrad, with autograph inscriptions written in reply to very acute and pertinent questions by an admirer; corrected proofs and autograph letters of Rudyard Kipling; original manuscripts of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, William McFee, Joseph Conrad, Mark Twain, Anatole France and others; presentation copies by Samuel Butler, Bliss Carman, Dickens, Hardy, Kipling; four Shakespeare quartos and the Beverly Chew copy of the "Poems" of 1640; first editions of "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "Gulliver's Travels"; illuminated manuscripts and printed Horæ; a splendid collection of original manuscripts, autograph letters and first editions of Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. Glemby is disposing of this collection in order to concentrate on another field in which he desires to specialize.

ANTIQUARIANS REPORT PROGRESS

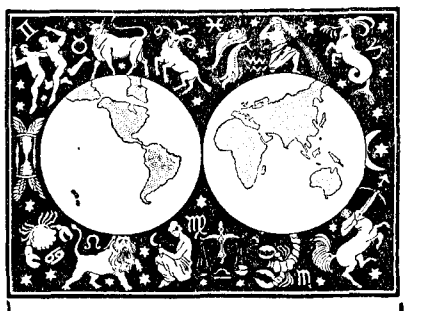
AT the recent meeting of the American Antiquarian Society in Worcester, Mass., general progress along the line was reported and many plans for the future were discussed. The endowment fund of $500,000 for the general work of the society has made a good beginning. The work of cataloguing, classifying, and calendaring manuscripts, long deferred, has been resumed with energy, and it is hoped will be rushed to completion. Discoveries already made emphasize the necessity of the proper arrangement of this original source material. During the past calendar year the new additions are as follows: bound volumes, 5,392; pamphlets, 16,593; engravings, broadsides, and maps, 212; unbound newspapers, 3,795; beside much valuable autographic material. The number of volumes now in the library is 161,612 and of pamphlets 257,228, a total of 418,840 titles. The society has had a number of important collections presented to it during the past year, the most important being that of Charles H. Taylor of Boston. He has sent hundreds of titles for the collection relating to printing and journalism, numerous volumes of literary and historical value, scarce periodicals, many ephemeral items relating to railroads, early music, lithography, engraving, and several lots of New England manuscripts. Samuel L. Munson has continued his interest in the almanac collection and has acquired for the library during the year over 200 additional titles. The annual report describes a newly formed collection of first editions of American literature, in which field the new acquisitions secured during the year number over 2,000 titles out of 10,000 estimated to be a fairly comprehensive collection of works of worthwhile American authors.

BULLETIN OF BIBLIOGRAPHY

FREDERICK W. FAXON, editor of the *Bulletin of Bibliography*, has just issued the "A. L. A. Fiftieth Anniversary Number" of this quarterly, the contents of which are naturally on a high and jubilant note. Mr. Faxon has reason to feel pride in the growth of the national association of librarians, for he says in a congratulatory editorial that "only a few years ago the writer, as secretary, carried the records of the association in one pocket and carried on the correspondence at his home. We now have an organization with spacious headquarters in Chicago, employing 63 persons, publishing many books and indexes each year, conducting the monthly *Booklist*, printing a bulletin for members together with an annual handbook, and a volume of proceedings, sponsoring adult education, custodian and distributor of a fund of $4,000,000 to advance library training, helping foreign universities to buy needed books from another trust fund. The membership has risen from a small beginning in 1876 to 10,000. The *Bulletin of Bibliography* has played no unimportant part in making this growth. The frontispiece is appropriately a portrait of R. R. Bowker of whom Mr. Faxon writes an appreciative sketch. The current number of the *Bulletin* continues its interesting "Glimpses of the Lives and Works of Certain French Bibliographers," dealing with Lacroix, Nodier, and Querard.

LIBRARY OF MRS. CHEIN

LIMITED and de luxe editions of standard authors, American, French and English, collected sets of first editions of well known authors; extra-illustrated books; autograph letters and manuscripts, and many miscellaneous and unusual items of great interest, the property of Mrs. Julius Chein, of this city, will be sold at the American Art Galleries November 16 and 17. A few of the outstanding lots include a remarkable series of "Phiz" drawings and autographs, first edition of Dickens's "Pickwick Papers" in original parts, thirty-nine original drawings by Morland, fifty-four original watercolors by William Health, a remarkable set of the first editions of Leigh Hunt, Samuel Johnson's copy of the Bible with his annotations, a fine copy of the Kelmscott Chaucer, extra-illustrated copy of Sloane's "Life of Napoleon," original autograph manuscript of Schiller, autograph letters of Thackeray, an important Whitman collection, and a fine set of the first editions of Scott's Waverley Novels. Surely here is material that will interest the most discriminating collector.



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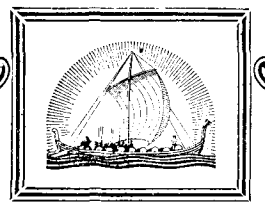

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The Phoenix Nest

A TALL green book, about three and a half inches wide by nine and a half inches long, and looking to us like an altitudinous mint-julep, is presented to us by Simon and Schuster. Its title is "Sweet and Low," by Liggett Reynolds. It is a spoof, travesty, parody, and just plain nonsense novel. It is a hip-flask of *donaldogdenstewart* specially distilled. Of it we have only sipped, but at a casual glance we came across some amusing remarks. . . .

Still, "Nize Baby's" little bruddah, "Hiawatta," is what we call something really funny. By the *Gross*. One can get too much of it,—but we heard an eminent publisher read a few lines of it aloud the other evening and they caused our cachination. By the same token another book of humour from Doran (who brings out "Hiawatta") rather disappointed us. This is *Corey Ford's* "The Gazelle's Ears." We have enjoyed some of Corey Ford in the past. But here, it seems to us, the strain is forced, the notes are few. . . .

The F. H. Bennett Biscuit Company has sent us a parcel of food. We always did like Wheatsworth Whole Wheat Graham Crackers,—and now we have received a Literary First Edition Package of them! The wrapper of the package is adorned by many literary signatures. Among them we perceive those of *Guy de Maupassant* and *George Meredith*. We remember that Guy once spoke to us about graham crackers, but we have forgotten what he said. George Meredith never spoke to us. He must have been mad at us. . . .

During Children's Book Week, *Hugh Lofting*, author of the "Story of Doctor Dolittle" and all the subsequent Dolittles went to Greensboro, North Carolina, to give readings from the latest Dolittle at the Greensboro Bookshop. On the fifteenth he will be present at a Book Fair in Pittsburg, Pa., arranged by Kaufman's, and will lecture here on the Dolittle series. . . .

Work has been begun in the construction of the Memorial to *Washington Irving* which is to be placed in Sleepy Hollow at the corner of Sunnyside Lane and the Albany Post Road. The foundation should be completed before the frost sets in, with the plan of unveiling the Memorial early in the spring. The designer of the Memorial is the well-known sculptor, *Daniel Chester French*. We are glad that King Boabdil, the last King of Granada, is to be on one side of the bust of Irving and old Rip Van Winkle on the other. Subscriptions, for any amount, towards the completion of this Memorial may be sent to *Mrs. H. V. D. Black*, Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y. . . .

"A Book of Old Maps," by *Emerson D. Fite* and *Archibald Freeman*, is now finally out through the Harvard University Press, after many delays occasioned by the infinite care that both printer (*William Edwin Rudge*) and publisher have expended in making a practically perfect volume. The 74 historic maps gathered together illustrate the history of America from the earliest times to the close of the Revolution. . . .

Now we know that *Queen Marie of Roumania's* favorite American authors are *Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Zane Grey, Rex Beach, Edith Wharton, Gertrude Atherton*, and *Sherwood Anderson*. So now we know. . . .

The *Virginia Quarterly Review* is flourishing. *Ellen Glasgow* has said of it that it is the best periodical she has ever seen printed in the South. In its current number *Sara Haardt* gently takes the hide off the advancing South, telling how the lesser *bourgeoisie* has "crashed through" socially. The only thing we don't like about the *Quarterly* is the similarity of its format and typography to the *Yale Review*. But the editors are up and coming. . . .

The Scholastic, a National Magazine for Schoolroom, conducts the Scholastic Awards, sponsored by the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company. Among the awards to be made in 1926-7 will be included the Witter Bynner Poetry Prize, established last year. It is given for the best poem or group of poems, the maximum number of lines that may be submitted by any one contestant being limited to 200. First prize $100; essay prizes, a short story prize, and so on. For further information, inquire of *The Scholastic*, Wabash Building, Pittsburgh, Pa. . . .

We recently attended the P. E. N. dinner in honor of *John Masefield*, and heard Mr. Masefield speak delightfully of old days on 8th Street. Among those present we ran across *Ives Washburn* the new publisher, good old *Fred Melcher* of the Publishers' Weekly, *Bob Nathan*, author of "The Fiddler in Barly," *Floyd Dell, Elinor Wylie, Fred Allen* of *Harpers'*, *Ida R. Wylie, Carl Van Doren*, and many others. . . .

A first novel by a young Englishman, begun while he was a public schoolboy at Eton and completed during his first year at Oxford, is *Henry Green's* "Blindness." It is published by Dutton. . . .

It is embarrassing when one we once naïvely revered goes quite wrong. In *The London Nation & Athenaeum*, early in October, a poet whose work we have often admired, namely *Robert Graves*, reviewed *Harriet Monroe's* "Poets and Their Art" conveying quite an erroneous impression of Miss Monroe and of her magazine, *Poetry*. He says that, back in 1912, when *Poetry* was founded, Miss Monroe "was able to use her social position to consolidate fashionable poetry lovers and to provide the modern American 'Poetry Revival' with a publicity agency." This is a statement without foundation in fact. Whatever revival there was of American poetry from 1912 to America's entrance into the Great War proceeded primarily from the poets themselves, as is perfectly obvious. To speak of Miss Monroe as if she were a dilettante of society who proceeded to encourage a fad is to convey an entirely false impression. Miss Monroe's little magazine was founded because a new poetic impulse was manifesting itself, which suggested, not a "publicity agency" but a periodical in which poetry might receive more attention than it could in the run of stereotyped magazines. Miss Monroe managed to raise funds for the publication of such a magazine, and to interest capital in its support. She was successful, established her magazine and proceeded to give many new poets a chance to present their work. Among these were many of the finest poets of our generation, both American and English. . . .

Today, says Mr. Graves, with peculiar ungenerousness, "Miss Monroe's volume is a comic reminder of her personal success, and the English failure; but complete as the English failure (*to maintain a poetry revival*) has been, it has been preferable in many ways to the success Miss Monroe has engineered." But, with all deference to the eminence of Mr. Graves, Miss Monroe's efforts in behalf of contemporary poetry both English and American, do not appear to us in our unlettered state on this side of the ambiguous ocean as strikingly comic. She appears to have been possessed of a generosity of impulse, and a zest for the hardest and most thankless practical effort in behalf of poetry regarded internationally, that make Mr. Graves's superior attitude seem rather worse than comic. Since the War there has been less interest in poetry in America than before the War. If, in the words of Mr. Graves, "the triumph of the American poetry revival has not been a triumph for poetry itself," but "a case of advertising interests and the women's clubs getting what they want" (and what a marvelous assertion that last is, to be sure!) it is strange that the acknowledged leaders of whatever revival there was have survived contemporary criticism and are still acknowledged (even by a few Englishmen somewhat more generous than Mr. Graves) not only to have written poetry, but in a number of cases to have written certain poems which may possibly endure for some time. Miss Monroe's magazine now continues through an unpoetic post-war phase, but it is doing its best to be, not merely (as Mr. Graves greatheartedly puts it) "another Chicago feature like Michigan Boulevard or the Stockyards," or "kept going as an advertisement of the supposed Intellectual Renascence of the Middle West," but because Miss Monroe retains her enthusiasm for adventurous art. But then, of course, Mr. Graves is fond of large statements (the larger the better) such as that *Lew Sarett* is "a man of no poetic importance." . . .

Since November 9th, every Tuesday until April, 1927, The Labor Temple Poetry Forum at 244 East 14th Street is holding a series of recitals. The aim is to give deserving poets an opportunity to gain a wider recognition of their talents. The admission is a quarter and the hours from eight until ten fifteen P. M. *Anton Romatka* is the organizer and director. How can he bear to organize and charge twenty-five cents! He will grieve Mr. Graves! . . . .

Thanking you kindly!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

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His first book, "Thy Neighbour's Wife," concerns the primitive people of the Aran Islands, among whom he spent his childhood.

He started an Anarchist Society in Dublin.

In 1914 *he joined the Irish Volunteers; transferred to the French Guards in* 1916, *and, having been wounded, was discharged two years later.*

In London he was a brewer's foreman and a hotel porter.

He shipped as a stoker to Rio, and out of this experience came "A Fireman's Death," one of the remarkable tales in "The Tent and Other Stories."

His travels took him to the Near East and to Canada, trekking and lumberjacking; then, by slow degrees to Boston and Baltimore.

Above all things, he dearly loves a good fight.

He joined the Irish Rebellion in 1920-21. *When peace was arranged, he organized the unemployed and started another fight.*

He now lives peaceably (for the time) in a small village of Inneskerry, about 15 *miles out of Dublin. His house is always full of animals: one day a donkey ate up a masterpiece, as O'Flaherty wrote it and threw the sheets on the floor.*

"He writes with amazing energy, sanity and passion."—A. E.

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